NOTES AND COMMENTS

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The Power of Choice

MATHEMATICIANS and metaphysicians treat with respect the idea that in some abstract "realm of essences" there is an infinite number of possible worlds, of which our cosmos is the only specimen that has attained existence. At first sight, nothing could seem more futile than such a line of speculation. A "realm of essences" is as tenuous as the dream of a dream. However, philosophical concepts are not always as void of sense as they appear to be. When Leibniz, for instance, postulated that we live in the best of all possible worlds, the world most perfectly adapted for the edification of all beings, this was his way of saying that the universe is not a fortuitous concourse of atoms but is the production of a Divine Mind, a Logos, which *selects*, among many alternatives, the theme and keynote of its creation. The inference is unavoidable if the root and origin of Nature be in the "Thought of God". A Divine Mind which could not pick and choose its ideas would be neither a "Mind" nor "Divine".

The great is mirrored in the small; the unknown is shadowed forth by the known. The power of choice is inseparable from consciousness. We cannot conceive one without the other. The most humdrum event in the humblest life brings an opportunity to choose between the better and the dearer. Do we realize that at every instant we stand at the cross-roads of destiny and that we, and only we, can elect our course? For every man there is an infinite number of possible lives which he can bring into being, and it should be his undivided purpose to discover and to select the life which in the deepest sense belongs to him and which is therefore the best of all that are possible.

The Soul in Bondage

If we examine our experiences with any attention, we shall obtain the certitude that all life is a process of selection. At the same time, however, we shall become aware of another fact which is not pleasant to contemplate. The proc-

ess of selection is not always conducted by the real Self, by the Soul. Much of the time—to say the least—we ineffectively watch our habits and passions choose for us. Action and inaction are dictated by an elemental complex which is not the Soul, but to which in our infatuation we have delegated an authority which is the rightful heritage of the Soul.

Consider what happens when the ordinary man consults a bill of fare. He cannot eat unless some selection be made. Why does he finally order one soup instead of another? Probably, in most instances, he does not know himself: he just orders something, anything, as soon as possible. But a selection is made, even if he be virtually unconscious. It is enforced upon him by habit, by the "subconscious", by the interplay of submerged desires. If he be really hungry, he may be aware of a battle within himself. He wants beefsteak but remembers the doctor's orders. Perhaps he renounces the beefsteak, congratulating himself upon his self-restraint. But the Soul need not intervene, by an act of will, to settle the struggle between desire and fear. Fear can win the day by its own force. To-morrow the cycle may change, and the victor may be desire. The point is that the average man—which means anyone in his average moments—does not always or even often behave like a free agent. His Soul, his proper nature, is in bondage to a host of appetites and aversions, partly conscious but mostly subconscious, whose strength is proportionate to the measure and frequency of his past self-identification with them. His conduct is thus largely shaped by the particular complex which is dominant at the moment. If it were possible to measure the relative amount of energy which has been put into each of his complexes, and to calculate their cycles or periodicities, as physiologists calculate the rhythms of vital functions, we could doubtless predict the general outline of his future. Incidentally, this suggests why future events may be prefigured in dreams with extraordinary accuracy of detail.

Free Will and Determinism

The doctrines of fatalism and mechanism and determinism cannot be brusquely dismissed as of no account. What do we mean by freedom and by fate? In so far as anything has a *unified* character or being, in so far as it is an actual entity, it may be said to "behave" infallibly and "freely", according to its nature, whether it be an atom, a plant, an animal, a man, or a god. But when a "thing" is not a unit but a "mechanical mixture", an unorganized congeries of many units, it has no real "nature" or, at best, only the rudiments of a real "nature". It is not "free". Its actions and reactions are determined for it, since these are but the effects of the actions and reactions of a miscellany of elements. There are analogies between a mechanical mixture and the "personality" which the ordinary man thinks of as his "self", but which is in itself only an amalgamation of elementals. The "personality" is, indeed, the "self" whose instability and essential non-being are so persistently stressed in the Buddhist scriptures.

Scientists have specialized so long in the study of the unorganized, mechanical aspect of Nature, that they have almost lost the ability to imagine what real

freedom must be like. This was exemplified in an address by Dr. Edwin Grant Conklin, Professor of Biology at Princeton, before the "Parliament of Science" at Indianapolis. He distinguished between the "determinism of inanimate nature" and the "world of human experience". He even made a noble effort to affirm the reality of free will as an irreducible item of human experience. But his exposition of human freedom might be more adequately described as an exposition of human bondage; for the only freedom which he seems to conceive is the "freedom" to do what we are "biologically" compelled to do.

> Freedom does not mean uncaused activity. The will is not a "little deity encapsuled in the brain", but instead it is the sum of all those physical and psychical processes, including especially reflexes, conditioning and remembered experiences, which act as stimuli in initiating or directing behaviour. The will is not undetermined, absolutely free, but is the result of the organization and experience of the organism, and in turn it is a factor in determining behaviour. Therefore we do not need to import from subatomic physics the uncertain principle of uncertainty to explain free will. The fact that man can control, to a certain extent, his own acts as well as phenomena outside himself, requires neither a little dæmon in the electron nor a big one in the man. . . . Novelty, creativity and freedom, wherever their origin has been traced, are found to be caused by new combinations of old elements and processes, whether these be atoms, molecules, genes, chromosomes, cells, organs, functions, or even sensations, memories and ideas. By such new combinations of old elements there emerge all the new properties of chemical compounds, and by new combinations of genes and chromosomes and environmental stimuli, all the novelties of heredity and development arise. There is evidence that even psychical properties, such as consciousness, intelligence and will, emerge in the process of development because of specific combinations of physical and psychical factors. This is, indeed, the whole philosophy of evolution, namely, that the entire universe, including man and all his faculties and activities, are the results of transformation rather than of new formation, of emergence rather than of creation *de novo*.

Professor Conklin remarked that the future of civilization is gravely endangered because "neither in human nature nor in social relations has progress kept pace with science". He means, of course, that man understands and controls physical processes much more effectively than he understands and controls himself. But for this condition "science" itself is, in large measure, responsible. The present is a case in point. Professor Conklin's manifest sincerity and love of truth are a living proof of the presence of an active spiritual power in human nature. But the biological dogmas and materialistic preconceptions which have been instrumental in shaping his thought, impel him to describe human nature as if it could only be moved by animal impulses and instincts,—"reflexes, conditioning and remembered experiences". Why should not the average man lose faith in spiritual law and in his own Soul, when their existence is constantly treated as an absurdity by men of science whom he regards as wiser than himself?

Let us make the issue as clear as possible. The "will" of the "personality" is doubtless a "sum of physical and psychical processes", but this is not the "*free will*" of the individual Soul; the "personality" as such operates like a mechanism, and it is foolish to pretend otherwise. Freedom is merely a "name", not a "thing", unless it be the exercise of an independent transforming power. The

individual will is a dæmon, a "tutelary genius"—*not*, however, "encapsuled in the brain"—or it is nothing.

The Interaction of Spirit and Matter

The Indian doctrine of Karma and of the twelve Nidânas also emphasizes the tyranny imposed by reflexes and complexes upon human lives. As it is sometimes formulated, it seems beyond possibility that man can ever escape from the web of passion and fancy and habit. He is caught, as it were, in an endless chain of cause and effect, each effect becoming a cause in its turn. But the true significance of Karma is that liberation from illusion is possible; the Gordian knot can be cut; the wheel of necessity which makes us repeat the same follies again and again, can be brought to a dead stop before the Soul is crushed out of existence. Indeed, are not the revolutions of this wheel *designed* to bring such pressure upon the Soul that it is at last aroused by pain to resist "necessity", and thus to declare its freedom?

Theosophy offers this solution,—that the real Self of man is not the confused mass of physical and psychical elements which we call the "personality", but is an integral part of Divine and Eternal Nature and participates in all the powers of the Heavenly Host. As man attains consciousness of that which he essentially is, he attains freedom in the only possible sense of that term, the freedom to make manifest his own essence. God alone is truly free, as a great mystic has said, because He alone can express His Nature in its plenitude. According to the theosophical version of evolution, the final aim of existence is to raise the consciousness of creatures towards that perfect freedom which is the natural attribute of the "Heavenly Man", of God.

> Every form on earth and every speck (atom) in Space strives in its efforts towards self-formation to follow the model placed for it in the "Heavenly Man". . . . Its (the atom's) involution and evolution, its external and internal growth and development, have all one and the same object—man; man, as the highest and ultimate form on this earth; the Monad, in its absolute totality and awakened condition—as the culmination of the divine incarnations on earth (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1888, I, 183).

Evolution, both universal and individual, is thus conceived as an interaction between the two great poles of Nature, between the positive and the negative, between spirit and matter. When will scientists ever come to recognize clearly and simply, that spirit or consciousness is as veritably a part of Nature as matter or substance or objective form? Evolution cannot be described as a function of matter alone, any more than magnetism can be explained by the study of iron filings, without reference to a magnet. Spirit has been compared to a magnet, from which emanates the *fohatic* force which vitalizes the universe and lifts matter from the level of non-being. This is the descent of spirit into the world, of which all scriptures have left some record: "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us . . . and of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace."

Even our limited experience shows that spirit cannot contact matter without changing the constitution of matter. Doubtless all "novelties", from a chemical

compound to a work of human genius, are new combinations of old elements. The creative power in Nature and man uses whatever material is available, whatever already exists. But how can we doubt that it infuses into that material something new and altogether unique, something which the analysis of past events and old elements can never wholly explain? The properties of water cannot be imagined by adding together the properties of hydrogen and oxygen. No formula of bio-chemistry can resolve the mystery of a flower or a bird's song or a poem or an heroic life.

Real and Illusory Freedom

The deep-seated sense that we are somehow free to select our destiny cannot be dissociated from the immediate intuition of our being. It is one with consciousness itself and is present in all experience. But we deceive ourselves, if we pretend that our actions are necessarily free merely because they ought to be and can become free. We choose and select continuously, but not in the ways which we commonly imagine.

Let us return to the man in the restaurant. We have assumed that being an average person, he did not really order his dinner; that his habits and appetites and aversions ordered it for him. However, as a matter of fact, he did make a fundamental choice when he *refused* to choose for himself. A superior person would not refuse to choose for himself, because he holds in consciousness an ideal of conduct which he recognizes as always superior to his actual mode of living, and to which he intends to conform himself more and more completely. Since this ideal implies complete self-control, no activity of body or mind can be excluded from his programme of self-discipline, not even the act of ordering a dinner. Therefore, if he order meat or fish, it is not primarily under the compulsion of reflexes or the memories of past sensations, but because he intends such a selection to be the best and the wisest that he can make.

We can use our spiritual will, or not use it; we can express our real nature, or not express it. In either event, we make a choice and cannot help making it. But when the spiritual will is inactive, "self-will", the uncontrolled force of passion and habit, takes its place. Misery and calamity are the only possible consequence of this inner abdication, this "refusal to create".

Genius and Freedom

The existence of transformation implies the existence of a transforming agency. If we trust our experience, small though it be, it becomes apparent that in man the power which transforms is identified with the individual will. When that will is set free, it is indistinguishable from genius. The will, the Soul, and the genius of man are fundamentally one.

In a scientific periodical there recently appeared this editorial pronouncement: "To only a few individuals does Nature happen to grant unusual abilities, a matter evidently of genetics, and one that lies beyond the responsibility and control of the individual." In other words, genius is a happy combination of genes and chromosomes. It is likely enough that the Soul finds it easier to

work through some physical organisms than others; but it is an insult to human dignity to assume that physical heredity can be solely or chiefly responsible for the appearance of a Confucius or a Newton or a Napoleon. It is the Soul which transforms the cells of the brain, not the cells which transform the Soul. The ancient philosopher interpreted genius more rationally when he ascribed its origin to the incarnation of a divine entity. Incidentally, he did not mean thereby that a being different from the Soul entered the body, displacing its normal occupant. The "inner god" was conceived as the man himself in a truer guise than that which he usually assumes. The man of genius carries out enterprises which seem impossible to the ordinary man: he sees and helps others to see perspectives to which the average eyes are blind. But he is of one blood with the rest of us. His superiority is the reward of protracted labour and self-discipline extending, as Theosophy teaches, over many lives. What he has done, we can do, but we must begin here and now to exercise the power of choice which we share with the gods, in order to vivify the free will which is our most intimate and precious possession.

The Paranoid Personality

There have been many "debunking" biographies of great men in recent years. With the aid of certain psychiatrists, the authors have done their utmost to make their public believe that genius is associated with mental and moral disorders, in particular, with paranoia. In fact, any personality which exhibits conceit or suspicion reveals paranoid symptoms. Let it be admitted at once that the "old Adam" in all of us is an incipient paranoiac. When the paranoid qualities develop beyond measure, conceit passes into "delusions of grandeur" and suspicion into "delusions of persecution". The boundary of sanity is crossed. Unless the victim be segregated from society, he becomes a menace to anyone whom he meets. To defend his fancied rights, he is capable of any crime. Most political assassins seem to have been paranoiacs.

Without doubt, many great individuals upon the stage of history have combined remarkable ability, in one direction or another, with some extremely disagreeable personal characteristics. It is evident that conceit and suspicion have sometimes bulked large in their consciousness. But it is a myth of popular psychology, that paranoia is a normal attribute of any form of genius. We must learn to discriminate between paranoiacs, who have become famous for one reason or another, and men of real genius, who have suffered from some of the ills common to all human nature in its unregenerate condition. If they suffered more than most of us, it may have been because their characters were built on a larger scale. Even their weaknesses seem enormous by comparison with those of lesser men. In any event, their genius is one thing; their "lower nature" is another.

Harmonious Proportion

Confucius remarked that the sage in all his thoughts and acts shows forth "harmonious proportion". The man of genius who is not a sage, is not so fortunate; but he should be given full credit for such self-control as he has, since

his whole organism is obliged to endure abnormal stresses and strains. In the fullest sense, only a Master of life and wisdom can be called a man of genius, because only in a Master is the genius, the dæmon, the spiritual will, the Higher Self, fully embodied, in conscious and unrelaxing control of all reflexes and complexes which come "from below". It is less appropriate to say that he has genius than that he *is* genius.

There is a factor here upon which we can meditate with profit. The disciple ardently desires to increase his powers of vision and action, to become free, that he may serve his Master more effectively. But in the words of *Light on the Path*, "That power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men." One ventures to suggest one of the many meanings of this sentence. The disciple does not aim at a lop-sided development. He does not wish to be known by the sharp angles and projections of his personality, by eccentricities and abnormalities which make him obtrude from the mass. His ideal is an harmonious proportion of all his faculties, the example of which is continuously set before him by the being of his Master. It is his constant purpose to do all things well, not to confine his genius in a single talent, not to become a specialist. "Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life. But he is so only when he grasps his whole individuality firmly, and by the force of his awakened spiritual will recognizes this individuality as not himself, but that thing which he has with pain created for his own use, and by means of which he purposes, as his growth slowly develops his intelligence, to reach to the life beyond individuality."

Vital Force and Its Vehicles

"Every man", says the Eastern scripture, "is potentially a Buddha". A great step forward in a man's inner progress is taken, when he realizes that the attainment of genius does not chiefly depend upon such things as genes and chromosomes, but upon his ability to incarnate the life of the Spirit, without being consumed by it, as Semele was reduced to ashes by the apparition of Zeus. As Theosophy affirms, the vital force which brings all things into being, is omnipresent upon all planes. But it can wound and kill as easily as it can heal and create. One of the immediate undertakings of the disciple must be to make himself a fit vehicle for the reception of an increasing measure of vital force of ever higher intensity.

We may observe in the lower kingdoms the operation of this law that the individual organism is adjusted to a certain pressure of the life-force. Until quite recently, however, biologists have not understood how great that pressure can be. Indeed, few of them have had any belief that a real life-force exists, so eager have they been to explain all physiological phenomena in terms of known chemical and mechanical principles. In an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Philip R. White of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research described a discovery which "revolutionizes botanical theory, overturning one of the most widely accepted hypotheses in the whole field of plant science". His experiments have demonstrated that

"the force within the roots of living plants, hitherto believed to be very small, is actually of a gigantic nature, capable of overcoming with ease counterpressures of 125 pounds to the square inch, the equivalent of a pressure of eight atmospheres". No purely mechanistic theory can account for this phenomenon, and Dr. White feels obliged to postulate the actuality of an unknown "vital" force. We quote from *The New York Times*, December 29, 1937:

The existence of root-pressure was first shown early in the eighteenth century by Stephen Hales, who measured pressures up to 1.4 atmospheres. Nobody had been able to equal that record since. As such a pressure is not nearly enough to account for the rise of sap in tall trees and long vines, the theory was given up for the leaf-suction theory. Dr. White attached growing "orphan" tomato roots to narrow tubes in which the sap pressure could be balanced against the pressure of a column of mercury. With no apparent difficulty, Dr. White observed, the roots balanced 90, then 100, then 125 pounds of pressure to the square inch. At that point the apparatus failed, but the roots still seemed to be ready to accept the challenge of even greater pressures. "The old pressure theory of Hales", Dr. White said, "has been disparaged by modern plant physiology texts because it did not provide sufficient force and because of the suspicion that it might be an artefact. I think that these experiments show pretty conclusively that both these objections are invalid. Root-pressure is certainly a very real phenomenon going on in uninjured, normally metabolizing roots and showing a striking diurnal rhythm that is reminiscent of many vital processes. . . . Six atmospheres of pressure is sufficient to sustain a 200-foot water column. This is far higher than any tomato plant ever grows. Yet such a column appears to be insignificantly small in comparison with what the lifting power of tomato roots is capable of sustaining. That is a force to be reckoned with." The early plant physiologists all attributed sap movement to some form of "vital" activity, at least in major part. With the rise of mechanistic theories in all branches in the last half of the nineteenth century, plant physiology did not escape the trend. . . . His experiments, Dr. White added, showed that the arguments against root-pressure as a factor in sap movement no longer held, that the process once more appeared to be a vital one, rather than purely mechanistic.

The Life in the Heart

As Dr. White infers, the implications of his discovery are very important. If biologists as a class were not the most stubborn of materialists, they would be instantly impressed by this revelation that living beings are really endowed with a living power. Life itself remains an eternal mystery, but it is at least an aid to coherent thought, if we no longer assume that the tremendous force exerted by living bodies and the immortality of the germ-plasm are as easy to explain as the motive power of an old-fashioned steam-engine. The laws of thermodynamics do not account for the versatility with which every organism adapts itself to changing conditions. For example, what is the source of the constant pressure which enables the growing plant to split a rock?

It is an accepted biological doctrine that all the higher organisms depend for their sustenance upon the carbohydrates manufactured by the chlorophyll, the green colouring matter in plants, during exposure to sunlight. Physical life is, in a literal sense, an embodiment of the radiant energy which proceeds from and through the sun. There is no conceivable limit to the amount of radiant energy which is available for vital ends. It is the constitution of any particular body

which limits the amount which can be received and assimilated; when the "saturation-point" is passed, *prana* is transformed into an agent of death.

There seems to be a correspondence between the life-force in the plant-root and the "life in the heart", to which such frequent reference is made in Eastern scriptures. This inner life is also described as emanating from the sun, from the *real* sun, of which the physical image that we see is the shadow. There is the Vedic verse:

> The all-formed, the golden, the all-knowing,
> The final goal, the one light, the fervent,
> Thousand-rayed, hundredfold turning,
> The Life of beings, this sun rises.

The theme of the Upanishads is that, by conscious self-identification with the Ray joining the individual to this "Universe of Light", the soul of man becomes free and divulges its latent genius. This act of union is said to take place in the "heart", where is the root of the consciousness of the spiritual man.

> From the Divine Self, verily, this Life is born. As the shadow extended beside a man, so is it with this. Through the power of Mind it comes into the body. Like as a king, verily, enjoins his lords, saying, Rule over these villages and these villages! thus, verily, the Life disposes hither and thither the lesser lives. . . . In the heart is the Self. Here are the hundred and one channels, from each of these a hundred. . . . According to his thinking he comes to life; his life being linked by the radiance with the Self, leads him to the world that he has moulded for himself. . . . He who knows the origin, the entrance, the dwelling and the lordship of Life fivefold, he reaches the immortal; knowing this, he reaches the immortal (*Prashna Upanishad*).

The Grandeur and the Misery of the Mind

It is a sobering but encouraging thought, that mind alone imposes limitations upon our capacity to absorb the radiance which streams from the Divine Self, the Holy Spirit, as it is called in Christian terminology. "As a man thinks, so he is." It is possible to change, to improve the mind. The power of imagination which binds us, can also set us free.

However, to be real, the transformation of the mind must proceed *pari passu* with the transformation of character. It obviously cannot proceed at the same velocity for all beings. All minds are not large; some are pitifully small. Why are the asylums for the insane so crowded to-day? Not merely because congenital feeble-mindedness may be commoner now than in the past. Too many people have learned to read and write. There is too much incoherent "education". If they had been left in peace, multitudes of poor creatures might have preserved what little mentality they received at birth, or even, through the ministrations of Nature and normal experience, have added to it. The mind, like the body, cannot bear more than it can carry. One cannot pour more into a bowl than it can contain. Social and political upheavals are inevitable products of mental over-feeding, for there are not enough asylums to hold more than a small minority of the victims of our schools and colleges.

Service of the Eternal

There is really only one way in which thought can be changed for the better and the horizons of the mind be widened. Modern education takes little account of it, but it has been pointed out by every wise teacher since the dawn of human life. It is the service of the Eternal, the service of values which are everlasting. In so far as a man is free, in so far as he is superior, he is dedicated to an end, a cause, an ideal, which he knows to be more enduring and more precious than himself, and which he loves and obeys without thought of reward or recognition. Thus some men in all ages have loved and served their highest conception of truth or beauty or honour or liberty, and they have loved and served those who most completely embodied the ideal which they themselves yearned to realize.

Recently an American correspondent made a trip to Palestine. In Jerusalem he met some of the better-class Arabs, men of gentle birth. He was impressed, almost overwhelmed, by their urbanity and courtesy. But what seemed to impress him the most, was that they obviously rated honour higher than life. They did not talk about it, but it was clear that they regarded honour, as the Greek sage regarded it, as the one treasure from which a man cannot be separated against his will. The correspondent admired them, but he was bewildered also. It was all so remote from Broadway and Forty-Second Street! How could such things be? Perhaps, he half suggested, it was because the Arabs find life so painful and disagreeable, so devoid of modern improvements, that they welcome any excuse to end it with dignity. We venture to remark that if he meant this, it would signify that he has never really lived. Life in the human kingdom does not truly begin until it becomes an object of sacrifice. The Arabs have many terrible shortcomings, but dislike of living is scarcely one of them. The best of them enjoy life more than most newspaper reporters, precisely because they are ready to lay it down when the demands of their code exact this of them. They are good soldiers, as the West learned in past centuries.

The Christian Occident has its good soldiers also, as would be clearly shown if by some means the *conscience* of the West could be awakened, as it was awakened during the Great War. We know now, if we did not know before, that the Great War was ended before real victory was achieved; that the Dark Powers were wounded but not slain, and are now at least as strong on the outer plane as they were in 1914. The Allies lacked final perseverance. But the fact remains that for four years millions of civilized men and women gave all that they had, in defence of their code, and to save Europe from barbarism and desolation. That great collective devotion to a sacred cause is part of the history of the West. The "good Karma" which it has sown, cannot fail to germinate and someday to bear fruit. The present rôle of France and England in the international tragedy is ignominious and painful to behold. Neither nations nor individuals can escape from the consequences of their past actions, good and bad. This is the hour of "bad Karma", but the "good" must have its day. *Debout, les morts!* The armies of the illustrious dead have not deserted France

and England, nor have they laid down their arms like too many of those who survived. Their intervention could at any moment turn the tide.

It has been—and so far as we know, still is—the custom of a certain company of French grenadiers to pay daily tribute to the memory of La Tour d'Auvergne, a noble of the *ancien régime*, who served as a private during the Wars of the Revolution. He refused all promotion, even at the hands of Bonaparte, but a special title was created for him, that of *Premier Grenadier de France*. Whenever the roll-call of his company is called, the oldest grenadier answers for La Tour d'Auvergne: "*Présent. Mort au champ d'honneur.*" Does not this moving ceremony, repeated day after day, illustrate the law of the growth of the soul, the spiritual will, the immortal genius, the "Higher Self" within man? No one can sacrifice himself "on the field of honour", wherever that "field" may be, without increasing his power to serve what he loves and to animate the souls of others.

The Service Which Is Perfect Freedom

One recalls the austere and magnificent figure of Cato of Utica, the Warden of Purgatory in the *Divine Comedy*, the Roman who preferred death to loss of liberty. The historical Cato was celebrated in antiquity, because in the midst of change and revolution he remained steadfastly faithful to the code of honour bequeathed by his ancestors. He identified Roman liberty and "republican virtue" with loyalty to that code. This loyalty was the nucleus of his life. It was his genius, and at certain moments it became so incandescent that it set aflame the hearts of multitudes. There is an example of this in Plutarch:

> Before one of the battles at Dyrrhachium, when Pompey himself made an address to the soldiers, the men listened coldly and in silence. But Cato came forward, and in the language of philosophy, spoke to them, as the occasion required, concerning liberty, manly virtue, death and a good name; upon all which he delivered himself with strong natural passion, and he concluded with calling upon the gods, to whom he directed his speech, as if they were present to behold the soldiers fight for their country. And at this the army gave such a shout and showed such excitement that their officers led them on full of hope and confidence to the danger.

Fortunate is the man who, like Cato of Utica, can be inspired by some aspect of immortal truth and can inspire others by the radiance of his love! Blessed is he who has discovered the Eternal personified in a spiritual Father, a living being, the Master "at the head of his Ray", to whom he can devote all that he is and all that he can become. This is the service which is perfect freedom.

FRAGMENTS

THE Master speaks:

When I enter the garden of your thoughts, have you no flowers for me? Why are the paths untended where I walk, why are the beds unplanted, the lilies and the roses drooping on their stalks for lack of moisture and of cultivation?

It was I that made this garden, sending streams of living water through it, hedging it about. I planted the flowering shrubs, and put the bulbs in the cool, dark earth. By now it should have been a place of loveliness, perfumed with devotion, full of the singing of birds, an Eden for my delight. What have you done with my garden?

Here I was to find coolness and shade, and refreshment when I was weary; here the presence of angels; the sound of the fountains and of the birds was to be a hymn of adoration to the Father, and the incense of prayer arise to him from the cup of every blossom. What have you done with my garden?

When the Brothers come to visit me, where shall I invite them? The seats are broken and lying on the ground, the leaves on the trees have withered, there is no protection from the noonday sun when Satan wanders abroad; and where are you, to receive us and bid us welcome?

You are hiding, as well you may, behind the rubbish of your multitudinous occupations,—your "duties", your "interests", even your "cares"—anything whatever to serve as a screen between me and my interests and your duties toward me, neglecting the one thing needful.

What have you done with my garden, and with yourself, secreted in the midst of its desolation? you who are flinging away your birthright for the mere illusion of a mess of pottage.

What have you done with my garden?

CAVÉ.

INSPIRATION[1]

AT THIS opening meeting of the season, it has been our habit to refer briefly to what The Theosophical Society is, and is not. We wish it to be clear that each of us who speaks here speaks for himself, so that he is neither committing the Society nor asking his hearers to accept some orthodox doctrine which, if they prefer to reject it, will leave them suspect and *persona non grata* amongst us. The Society maintains a free and open platform. It has no creed nor dogma to set up as a criterion for good standing.

But this freedom and absence of official formulas does not mean that after all these years of study and discussion and grave experiment, after all that has been handed down to us from our predecessors, we feel that we have nothing to offer others, nor that we think all views, however courteously we may welcome them, are of equal moment and of equal truth. It is not at all that we have found nothing of Divine Wisdom to justify our name. We think we have found something of it, and our absence of dogma is due to the fact that what we have found is seen as too large and many-sided to be wrapped up in some little parcel of words. Truth is something greater than definitions, and we deem no description of reality can properly be substituted for the Real. Rather would we lead all men, were we able, to look directly at life itself.

It has been said that instead of offering a creed, the activities of the Society tend to inculcate what is intellectually an attitude, practically a method, ethically a spirit, and religiously a life. Our intellectual attitude is set forth in the motto on our seal: "There is no religion higher than truth." We seek the truth, really desiring to find it, whatever it may be or wherever it may lead. One cannot seek truth without striving to turn from error; and yet if one love truth, it must be regarded as of far more moment than error. Therefore, in the Society's discussions, we think it more fruitful to try to understand one another's truths, than to carp at one another's errors. It is probable that everything which is said at our meetings will have in it some measure of truth and some of error. To gain the greater measure of truth, we are prepared, if we must, to accept something of error, which, later, we may be able to winnow away. Thus we look for agreements, rather than differences, in the belief that the common part of men's views of life is more likely to be the true and fundamental part than where they diverge, so that our attitude involves a looking to the centre, and our procedure is centripetal rather than centrifugal.

Our practical method is a natural derivative of this intellectual attitude. It rests, ultimately, upon the unity which underlies all diversity of manifestation, and which, of course, alone makes possible any understanding of the universe. This fundamental unity is implied in all three of the Society's stated objects: to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood; to study the great religions of

[1] From an address before the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society.

mankind; and to investigate the finer forces of nature and the psychical powers latent in man. Brotherhood is a word that has been used to cover much of evil—there are Brothers of Darkness as well as of Light—but the Brotherhood of which we would form the nucleus, is based on the recognition of a Divine Fatherhood, to which all religions point, so that the essential being of all men is seen as the divine ray which they embody, and in which, latent and potential, are all the powers and attributes of the Divine. Man is the microcosm of the Macrocosm.

This was one of the points most emphasized by Madame Blavatsky in the restatement of Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom, which she brought to the Society's open platform, and it leads directly to the theosophic method and doctrine of Correspondences. We should call it the scientific method were it not for the fact that science to-day seems strangely to distrust the breadth of its own foundations, and, leaving man and consciousness out of its consideration, limits itself to the world it deems it can measure. Yet when Newton, if the story be not too apocryphal, saw in the fall of an apple the universal laws which govern all matter and motion, from the greatest to the least, or when the physicist in the laboratory studies the action of lightning by observing the discharge of a Leyden jar, the basic assumptions implicit in their procedure are those which Theosophy makes explicit in its doctrine of Correspondences. It is the unities of being which alone make science possible; and man, and the soul of man, share in these unities. All the great religious teachers have, for this reason, taught through parables and stories, always pointing to life to illustrate life. So Christ likened the Kingdom of Heaven to a grain of mustard seed, and bade us consider the lilies of the field, or the love of a father for his son. So St. John opens his gospel by likening the creation of the manifested universe to a spoken word. Life is itself the revealer of Life, and all that is, mirrors for us the Life of All. By this we are enabled to read within the little the secret of the great, and in the familiar facts of our experience to see the workings of divine and universal laws.

I propose that we consider this evening a fact that is so commonplace and familiar that its significance is usually overlooked. That fact is the fact of inspiration.

It may seem strange to speak of inspiration as commonplace. It is a word that is, in general, rightly reserved for something rare and high, which lifts men above the commonplace, and the normal level of their consciousness and powers. A profound disservice is done to truth and to us all when such words are lowered or cheapened. Yet that which is transcendent may also be immanent. Light is light whether it come from a firefly, or a shred of cotton wick dipped in oil, or from a flaming sun; and we are not lowering or belittling the firmament of the heavens when we realize that the light and heat of the stars are the same as that by which we see, and warm ourselves, and cook our food. The little and the great are one, as the Universe is One. There is nothing so little that God cannot enter it; and because we ourselves are little, it is to the little that we must look in order to understand the great.

"In all ages entering into holy souls, she [Wisdom] maketh them friends of God and prophets."

The fact of inspiration, which lights the history of mankind and lifts to grandeur the seers and saints and heroes of the race, is demonstrated, in little, in the familiar fact of your everyday experience, that you did not have an idea, and now you have it; that your courage was low, and now is higher; that you were despondent, and now have hope.

The question is, how did it happen, and what is its significance? Where did you get that greater courage, that new view of truth, that inspiration as to what was the wise thing to do in the puzzling circumstances that confronted you? Did you have them latent somewhere about you? If so, you did not know it. Did you eat them? Are they distillations of carrots and cabbage? Of course there are those who will tell you that cabbage and carrots have a great deal to do with the matter, for if you do not eat, you will have neither courage nor hope nor any vision of what is wise. There is truth in this, for to receive is not the negative and passive thing sometimes supposed. It is an act of power. You are working when you listen to someone speak, as perhaps you realize. Really to understand and follow anyone talking to you, requires the rehandling of many varied elements of your personal history,—the rearrangement, under the guidance of the speaker's words, of the patterns left in the sediment of past hopes, desires and experience. As in a dance, one leads, one follows; but each must move and carry his own weight. From our food, our bodies gain the energy requisite for such motion, so that the brain and nervous system can register and transmit the impressions they receive. By our food, too, if it disagree with us, the whole functioning of our organism may be so deranged that nothing can reach us. But no matter how important a part food may play, I do not think any of us really believes that any spiritual values, any vision of truth or will to right, have their origin in, or are distillates of, merely physical substance or action.

Therefore the question persists, where do we get the new ideas that arise in us, our new hope and our new spirit? Whence comes our inspiration? I know of no more important question; but I shall not now attempt any further answer to it than the negative comment we have just made. It is not drawn from the world of visible substance and physical force. But from somewhere, out of a region that has been to us formless and invisible, something takes form and visibility, something comes to us as new thought, new spirit, new power or new beauty. Let us say it comes from "the other world", since it does not come from what we can recognize as this one. Or let us say from "the inner world", or from some world that transcends in dimensionality the world of our normal consciousness, since it arises and takes form within us, rather than coming already formed from without, through some avenue of the senses. In some of the Eastern scriptures, it has been described in Sanscrit phrases that have been translated as "the causal world", and the world "of formless power"; and anyone who watches his own inspiration, the birth of clearer thought or new ideas or firmer purpose, which become the causes of his actions, will recognize what

the phrase is meant to convey,—that something of power which was before formless to us has taken form, and what we could not see has now become visible. But we should be misled if these words suggested to us that the inner world is amorphous or nebulous or inchoate. Rather is it the matrix of all forms; the field and focus of all the formative forces. How to describe it, and the passage which inspiration effects from the unconscious to the conscious, I do not know. Perhaps the words of St. Augustine come as near to it as any we can find. "When I first knew Thee Thou liftedst me up, that I might see there was somewhat for me to see, and that I was not yet such as to see." They convey the characteristic sense of the action of a power other than ourselves; the perception that there is something to see which we do not see; and that the reason we do not see it, is an inadequacy in us, not in it.

There is an old and beautiful mystical treatise whose name, *The Cloud of Unknowing*, is suggestive in this connection, for the process by which thought is born, and inspiration received, seems often such a pressing up, and being drawn up, into this cloud of unknowing, as the treatise describes, and, with this, the steadfast intending of our attention upon something which we dimly sense to exist there, though what it is we do not know. We fasten our attention upon it until, little by little, it takes form in the mist. Little by little it draws to itself from out of our memories and experience, things similar to or contrasting with itself. In a kind of subconscious questioning, our whole being is passed in review before it; and as a magnet draws iron from all other substances, so our inspiration draws from the storehouse of all that we have felt or known, the things of its own kind. They cluster around it, as iron filings around the magnet, until they become a medium or vehicle for the manifestation of this new and unknown truth in terms familiar to our consciousness. They are like the visible drapery which reveals the form of the invisible body that it clothes. So our inspiration clothes and reveals itself to us through the vehicle which we ourselves furnish it.

It would be absurd to suppose that all ideas come, and all inspiration acts, in the same way, but I believe that what has just been outlined is so common and typical that its essential elements can be recognized in all our intellectual activity,—even in trivial conversation, and whenever ideas have to be found and clothed in words. Such strangeness as may appear in our description is, I think, due to the fact that the process, except in purposed meditation, is in general largely subconscious and very rapid. To analyze and attempt to follow it in detail, therefore, yields an effect similar to that of showing a moving picture at only a fraction of the speed with which it was taken. Everything is slowed down. A succession of steps is substituted for the continuous flow of movement, and rapid transition stages, which the eye itself never notices, seem awkward and curious when recorded as though they were permanent.

It is sufficient for our present purpose, however, if it be clear that we are all constantly receiving from some "inner world" or source other than the visible, physical world about us, an influx that acts upon us behind the mental machinery of expression, and which thereupon clothes itself, and presents itself

to our consciousness, and through us to others, in a vesture which it weaves from elements that we ourselves supply. In one, its vehicle may be colour. In another, music. In another, the magical images that we call words, with their power to evoke our past and make it live again,—so that no one ever knows all that the word he utters may mean to him who hears it. But in each of us our inspiration can use only the media that we can supply. In us, its vocabulary is limited to ours. You will remember the little English boy, who, taken to church in Paris, asked his mother, "Does God talk French?" How can Life, or the Universe, or the Spirit, talk to you, save in your own language? How can anything be significant to you, save as it has significance in terms that you understand? Wherever inspiration acts, through whatever form of nature or of being, it clothes itself in that form. So in the *Bhagavad Gîta*, Krishna tells Arjuna, "In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them; but whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine."

From all the foregoing, one fact emerges unmistakably. Our whole sentient life is supported by, and evidences, the working of a formative power, which, acting from the unseen to the seen, is constantly bringing us new vision of truth or beauty or holiness (or, alas, since we are open below as well as above, of their perversions and opposites); constantly forming within us new images of reality; constantly making new moulds for a new will and a new spirit. Our physical senses tell us of an outer world made up of things already formed, individual and separate,—separate, individual stars and men and women, insects and trees and grains of sand. Our inner world is no less rich in individual and separate forms,—formed and separate thoughts, feelings, desires and emotions. But as we look inward and watch our inner life, we see that these separate things, created in the past, are of chief moment to us now as being the sole medium which we can offer for the present action of the inflowing and in-forming spirit. These two aspects of Being, the formed and the formative, are never, and can never be separated.

Now, surely, our initial observation that we do, somehow, get new ideas, has led us a long way, and opened far horizons upon snow-clad mysteries. For here we are looking out upon the ageless mystery of the Trinity,—the fact that the One Reality, the Father of all, ever reveals itself in manifestation under the dual aspects of the formed and the forming; of the Son, who is one with the Father and manifests his image; and of the Holy Spirit, which, proceeding from the Father and the Son, ceaselessly acts to impress that image upon all that is, and to fill with itself the moulds that it creates. We use the Christian terms not merely because they have been familiar—and perhaps incomprehensible—to many of us from infancy, but particularly in order that it may be the more noticeable that The Theosophical Society, imposing no creed upon its members, nevertheless gives them, in Theosophy, a practical method and guiding principle which lead to the interpretation and validation of all the creeds, so that, though the realities with which they deal stretch far beyond our utmost vision, we see clearly ways in which they apply also to us, even in the lowlands where we live.

Though we began with the very small, we have now been led to the very great, and face the penalty of having chosen such a theme for our evening's discussion. For we cannot consider the action of the Holy Spirit apart from the other aspects of the Trinity, and though the way lies open before us, looking out upon so vast a scene, we know how presumptuous would be the attempt to traverse it. We must return again to the little, and to the theosophic method of seeking there the understanding of the great. As Lao-Tze tells us in the *Tao-Teh-King, The Book of the Path of Virtue:* "Finding the great in what is small, and the many in the few, . . . effecting difficult things while they are easy, and managing great things in their beginnings,—this is the way of Tao. All difficult things have their origins in those that are easy, and great things in what are small. Therefore the wise man can accomplish great things without ever attempting them." Theosophy would, if it could, make us wise. We turn back, therefore, to look again at the way inspiration comes to us through "the cloud of unknowing".

I doubt whether there are many men who have not felt as though, separated from them only by a veil which sometimes seems thin, there were an inner world of consciousness, rich and radiant with the full perfection of all the things with whose imperfections we are struggling in our outer life. There, just beyond that veil of mist, or even pressing toward us through the mist that shadowed it, was the wholeness of Truth that unified the broken fragments which were all we held. There was Beauty, glowing in form and colour, though our eyes lost them before they could be registered. Music and Poetry were there, whose rhythm remained, though words and harmonies died from memory in the very moment they were born. And there, perhaps in some way different from all the rest, in that, however dimly seen, it never wanes, could be sensed the presence of Nobility of Soul.

I doubt, as I said, whether there can be many who have not had such a feeling; but whether the recognition be as common as I believe or not, of one thing I am confident. If it be the type of experience to which I wish to point, if it be genuine and not some psychic counterfeit, it carries with it unquestioning conviction that whatever it be which we sense beyond the veil, it is, in itself and of its own kind, perfect and complete. It is only our perception or translation of it that is imperfect and incomplete,—due to the inadequacy of what we bring to it as materials for its expression. Whenever we succeed in tracing inspiration back to its source, we always find this sense of perfection inherent in its origin.

To establish this point, from which we wish to draw certain inferences, we have entered upon very dangerous ground, and should pause to post warnings. If, instead of speaking of a "cloud of unknowing", we had called it plainly our dense stupidity and crass ignorance, and an impurity and lack of holiness that made us responsive to every voice of vanity and passion, it would scarcely be necessary to say that what we encountered in it might be something less than perfect, and other than the True, the Good and the Beautiful. A cloud zone can reflect an incendiary and destructive conflagration on earth, while it dims

the sun or stars; and very much of what conceit mistakes for inspiration from on high, is a psychic reflection from beneath. Ideas that are misty are not thereby made true; nor is everything veiled either beautiful or good. Few things are more corrosive to such sense and judgment as a man may possess, than to think that he has touched perfection in any particular. But let it be observed that in the process of inspiration, as we have described it, we do *not* think that we have touched perfection, but only that we have become aware of its existence, and have striven to open ourselves to its in-forming, trans-forming radiance in order that we may be changed in little and in big, in nature and in life, nearer to its likeness. We are not saying that men are not victims of their own silliness and vanity; nor that there are not evils and deceits to which they are open and endlessly succumb. But we do say that above all imperfection is the Perfect; above all evil the Good; and that to these, also, man is open,—that Theosophy, Divine Wisdom, exists, and can to-day as "in all ages" enter into and irradiate the soul. Some time since, we borrowed a sentence from St. Augustine. The one with which he followed it is not less pertinent: "And Thou didst beat back the weakness of my sight, streaming forth Thy beams of light upon me most strongly, and I trembled with love and awe: and I perceived myself to be far off from Thee, *in the region of unlikeness*, as if I heard this Thy voice from on high: 'I am the food of grown men; grow, and thou shalt feed upon Me; nor shalt thou convert Me, like the food of thy flesh, into thee, but thou shalt be converted into Me.' " It has been quoted more than once from this platform, for it records a perception that marks the beginning of the Way.

With proper warnings, thus duly posted, of the quicksands that fringe the way we have come, we may now compare the observations it has yielded us with those we made earlier from a different point of view. We saw first that in the birth of new ideas—in the commonplace phenomena of our everyday thought and speech—inspiration came to us as the influx of a creative, formative power which acted upon us from within (or behind or above, use what word you will) the whole mental machinery of expression, and set that machinery to work; so that, if we were attentive to the process, we could watch the heretofore unknown idea reveal itself to our consciousness by donning such clothes as it could fashion from what it found in us. As a man, needing to outfit himself from a ready-made clothing shop, tries on and rejects garment after garment which the salesman hopefully hands him, but must ultimately take the nearest fit and least objectionable patterns and colours which the shop affords, so our inspiration has to dress itself from what we may have in stock. It does not come "all dressed up", but gives the impression of having stooped to us from a world where our kind of vesture is not needed, though now, like a well-bred guest, it accommodates itself to the limitations of our hospitality. That was what we saw at first. But in what we noted later, of the world that we sometimes glimpsed "just beyond the veil", there was no sense of looking into the unmanifest, or of touching unclothed essences that would stoop to fill such forms as we could offer. All that reached us from that inner world told of the exact opposite. It told, not of the beginnings of things, but of their full flower-

ing; not of the germ of individuality, but of its attainment; not of the unexpressed, but of an utter perfection of expression of every form and kind,—a perfection so complete and ultimate that in having become absolute it had become eternal. To it nothing could be added, nor anything taken away; for it was what it was, and mirrored the Supreme. Its concern was with what was above, not with what was below; and therefore it could not stoop, nor accommodate itself to our limitations so as to incarnate in us. But if we were attuned and very still, beams from its radiance might enter our heart and mind; and if one had any faculty or instrument, sensitive and trained, a response might rise, not as the Perfect it sought to reflect, but yet as great poetry or art or music. And even those of us who, lacking any instrument, are incapable of utterance, nevertheless know that, in what has touched us, virtue has passed into us and inspiration been received. The vision of the Perfect, however dim and broken, quickens a nostalgia which will not rest, and leaves in our memories something which, if too vague to be a mould, is yet the matrix of moulds which later inspiration may in-form and fill.

Thus inspiration comes to us from two sources which yet are One—from both directions along the great arc of our evolution—from what stands to us for the Unmanifest, and from the manifested Perfect,—the Master who reveals it. Once again, in the little, we come upon the Great.

"And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, who with the Father and the Son together, is worshipped and glorified, who spake by the Prophets."

This doctrine of the Holy Ghost, or, to pass from Christian to theosophic terminology, the doctrine of Fohat, is the essential complement of the existence of Masters. It points to the creative action of the Spirit, which both "conceives" the Perfection of Humanity that the Masters embody, and "proceeds" from that Perfection to inspire and uplift all lower levels. Madame Blavatsky speaks of it in *The Secret Doctrine* as the link between Spirit and matter, "the bridge by which the Ideas existing in the Divine Thought are impressed on Cosmic substance as the 'laws of Nature'. Fohat is thus the dynamic energy of Cosmic Ideation, . . . the guiding power of all manifestation, . . . transmitted and made manifest by the Dhyan Chohans, the Architects of the visible world. Thus from Spirit, or Cosmic Ideation, comes our consciousness; from Cosmic Substance the several vehicles in which that consciousness is individualized." Later, she refers to it as "the key in Occultism" to all the world's religions and mythologies. It invites our study, in its universal as well as in its personal aspect, but here we must return to the little and the personal, to note another factor in us, that constantly limits and thwarts our inspiration.

We may approach it by an analogy and a question. Throw a stone into a pond. The still surface breaks into circular and concentric ripples. Throw a stone into a sheet of glass, or into the same pond when thin ice has formed on it. The glass or ice will be shattered into jagged lines and angles. Let a fact (and remember that facts are spiritual things, as are all truths) be thrown into your attention, breaking the surface of your consciousness. What kind of pattern

does it make there? What is the character of the thoughts, the emotions, the feelings, that are prompted by facts or inspiration of any kind?

The first, and common-sense, answer would probably be that it depended upon the fact or inspiration. But does it? Of course to a certain degree it does; just as the character of the splash, caused in the pond, depends in part upon the shape of the stone. But to a far greater extent, as we have just seen, it depends upon the surface and the substance into which the stone falls. So it is with you. The effect which facts—above all, the effect which inner facts and inspiration—have upon you, depends chiefly upon you.

I draw near to three friends, holding a telegraph form in my hand. One of them laughs, for no obvious reason, and calls, "Hello, are you playing Mercury? What's the good news now?" Another, looking up quickly, his whole body tense, asks, "What's the matter? Is anything wrong?" The third, silent, simply watches and waits. Here are three different reactions, and reactions not to a specific fact (it was not known what, if anything, that telegraph form contained), but to any interrupting and possibly important fact,—to fact as fact, not to the quality of fact, and so to Reality and Being itself. The first response, doubtless intended to be gay, and perhaps seeming so to the one who made it, was, instead, personal and trivial. The second revealed scar tissue. In some way life had hurt the speaker, so that his reaction to any unexpected intrusion of fact was one of anxious foreboding, or of fear. The third does not admit of sure interpretation. Such unmoved, silent waiting may be the result of a mere bovine lack of imagination. Or it may indicate such a response to Reality as the great of heart have attained: that calm, level-eyed facing of whatever may come, prepared to deal with it as it comes, and to leave the result in quietness to Karma and the Masters.

What we see thus clearly in others, is true also of ourselves. Each of us presents to Reality, to Divine Inspiration, to Life and Theosophy, an attitude and a surface whose pattern we have made characteristic of ourselves. It may be a fearful attitude, or a cheaply jocular attitude, or a bovine attitude, or one that is faithful and heroic. But whatever it may be, we must take it into account. Break a steel bar, and the surface of fracture follows and reveals the crystallization of the steel. Different minerals are distinguished by the different types of crystals which they present, and which determine the angles at which they reflect or transmit light. It is the same with us. The inspiration that comes to us all, the new life and light from the Causal World of Wisdom, is reflected and refracted in different individuals at different angles, so that the expression it is given, and, indeed, whether it can penetrate beneath the surface of our consciousness, depend upon the crystallizations that have taken place in our natures, and which characterize our minds and hearts. Do we not all know people who, no matter what is said to them, will hear and remember only what accords with their own preconceptions and predilections? They will quote back to you, as your own, phrases which they have thus taken out of their context and have made to convey the exact opposite of your plainly stated meaning. But let us take courage and hope from the knowledge that our type

of crystallization is something we can change. It exists in us, determining our instinctive, automatic reactions to-day, only because we have made those reactions our habit in the past. Little by little, as we grow in self-knowledge and gain consciousness of them, we can correct them, as we can correct any habit.

Or, to see from a little different view-point these same limitations, let us ask ourselves: What kind of vocabulary do we put at the service of our inspiration? How do we express new ideas when we get them? Our vocabulary is of words, but it is—or should be—of far more than words. It consists also of our will and emotions and instincts, our fears and desires and whole nature. We have to offer all these things, all that we are, to our inspiration as the material from which the Holy Spirit is to make in us its vehicle. As *Light on the Path* tells us, "the whole nature of man must be used wisely by the one who desires to enter the way". The Creative Power, working through the soil, can draw up fruits of the soil, grain and trees and flowers, that it cannot draw from rock. Wherever it acts, its result is dependent upon, and limited by, the substance through which it acts. In us, it can only act on and through what we are. It can only in-form, and express itself through, such stuff as we supply, and through such patterns as that stuff is capable of taking. Therefore it behoves us to learn to bring more to our inspiration, to extend our vocabulary, dissolve our old crystallizations and hard and fast patterns, that we may make ourselves pliable where now we are rigid, responsive on higher planes where now we are inert.

This is another thing that the Society does, and can do more and more for us. There is no one of us, in the Theosophic Movement, who is not in contact with others who are, in some way, wiser than we are, whose response to life, and therefore whose inspiration, is truer and holier and more beautiful than our own, though it came from the same source, and fell upon us even as it fell upon them. From their example, we can learn how to alter the surface of fracture we expose when some fact or truth of the inner world breaks our sleeping consciousness, learn how to open ourselves more fully to the ethical spirit of Theosophy, and give ourselves more truly and completely to its religious life.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still;
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ON HAVING A PURPOSE IN LIFE

STUDENTS of Theosophy are told that Mr. Judge used often to ask: "What is your purpose in life?" Ardent lover of his Master, grieved at unresponsiveness, deadness, or aimless drifting, his challenge calls to mind the vision of the Hebrew prophet, Ezekiel, in the valley of dry bones; and how, when he "prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. . . ." And so, when this call to a purpose in life rings out at every meeting of our Branch, and above all at the Convention, there follows a stirring, an awakening, to our divine privilege and opportunity.

With this thought in mind it is inspiring to hear of a woman of our day who had a purpose in life. Her name was Hannah Riddell. She was born in 1855 at Barnet, near London, the only child of her parents, and would have gone as a missionary to India because of her father's great interest in that country. But her wish for India was frustrated by the death of her parents, one soon after the other. Later she heard what she believed to be God's call: the Church Missionary Society asked her to go to Japan.

Now she had always thought Japan must be "a dreadful place to live in", because of the frequent earthquakes; but, as one sees all through the story of her life,[1] her ruling desire was to further her Master's cause, without any thought of self. The story reveals clearly also the secret of her marvellous success: she understood so absolutely St. Paul's reiterated teaching that, while by herself she could do nothing, yet with the Master she could do whatever he might require of her. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels", says St. Paul, "that the excellency of the power might be of God."

So, in this dependence, she arrived at Osaka, studied the language, and was soon working at Kumamoto, a city of Northern Japan. One day a friend invited her to see the cherry trees lining the approach to Hommyoji Temple. It was a beautiful morning, and under a clear blue sky the cherry blossoms were a lovely sight. But as she reached the Temple her delight was suddenly changed to horror. She had never before seen a leper, and there, thronging the steps, and all about the grounds, were these awful sufferers. The day was an anniversary occasion: three hundred years before, Kato Kyomasa, a great general and statesman, who had become a leper, was healed at this Temple and later was buried there.

Miss Riddell was overwhelmed with compassion and dismay. Each leper was pleading for alms, it being indeed by alms alone—as she learned—that they could exist, since their families cast them out, and no one took thought for them, even the Government paying no heed to them whatever.

That night Miss Riddell never closed her eyes, meditating on the awful scene.

[1] For further particulars, see *Hannah Riddell, Known in Japan as "The Mother of Lepers"*, translated from the Japanese of Jingo Tobimatsu, 1937.

As the hours passed the conviction grew that God must mean her to give her life to the lepers; then, when morning dawned, she felt there was not an hour to be lost, and arming herself with lotions and bandages she hastened back to the Temple.

Everyone knows that leprosy is the most loathsome disease that afflicts humanity. For hundreds of years it had been called in Japan "The Punishment of God", so that lepers felt themselves to be accursed. All of which drove this noble woman from the Temple to the slums of the city, where she washed, anointed and bound their wounds and, above all, poured hope and faith into their despairing hearts. The work was so vast she decided to establish a clinic, trying all the while to interest people, and especially the Government, and giving her entire private means to the cause. Then her horizon widened. She saw she must build a hospital, but how,—with indifference around her, and England so far away? Still she urged and wrote and strove, while some said she was mad. It was not until 1895, five years after her visit to the Temple, that the Hospital was opened. Here let me quote her biographer:

> In the northern part of the city of Kumamoto, at the foot of the green-clad Mt. Tatsuta, surrounded by a beautiful trimmed hedge, we see a group of several buildings. Ascending a gently rising gravelled path, we come to a white gate, within which are to be seen numbers of large camphor trees and newly trimmed shrubs. Contemplating this one feels a peaceful and holy atmosphere pervading the whole scene. This is the quiet home for spiritual and bodily help where the leper patients are housed. This hospital is known as "The Hospital of the Resurrection of Hope".

Miss Riddell had been greatly concerned in choosing a name for her hospital. "The idea", she said, "that patients enter because of a disease which is loathed by the world is abhorrent, and must be removed from their minds." This is one example of her intense sympathy, and her ability to enter into the consciousness of others. But there are many more. In a group discussing means of securing funds for erecting the Hospital, someone suggested newspaper publicity. After a pause, she said: "I am doing my work in the spirit of a Japanese myself,—I certainly should not like to see the papers report that a foreigner is doing relief work for miserable, unhappy beings whom people and society here have neglected. For the sake of Japan I should not like to see such reports in the Japanese and foreign press." When a patient entered the hospital Miss Riddell said: "You are welcome here; this is your home; do not worry about yourself any longer; be free from anxiety."

Marquis Toshitaka Okubo, who wrote an introduction to the biography, says:

> When Miss Riddell spoke at a special meeting held at the Governor's residence, men listened to her plans and to her description of the work she was doing with tears in their eyes. She had a very wide vision of her aims. It was not only to have lepers well treated, but also to eradicate leprosy from the land. She moved towards this goal step by step, making use of every opportunity as it arose.

And from Kehchi Suzuki, Governor of Kumamoto Prefecture:

> It was really Miss Riddell's noble character that people admired. It was by her earnest religious faith that people were drawn to her, and it was her indomitable will

and flaming spirit of love that made it possible for her to reach her ideal. It is generally recognized that we may rightly say that God sent her here, and she truly delivered God's message to our people.

Miss Riddell's modesty was such that she deprecated any praise. She said: "I am not a social-service worker, but am only working in accordance with the will of God."

In 1898 Miss Riddell went to England and explained to her friends and relatives what she was doing. At that time she decided to resign from the Church Missionary Society and to work independently.

She was anxious about the hospital in its relation to the law. She insisted that the relief of lepers should be a national undertaking, so that the government and the people should work together for that end. As the hospital was gradually completed, she thought it should no longer be a personal property and asked permission to have it registered. In 1906 it received its charter from the Minister for Home Affairs. The Japanese people everywhere now began to appreciate what was being done, and Miss Riddell received many grateful letters, and contributions came from various sources. Later a group of friends in England, and also in America, formed themselves into a committee for furnishing information about the work.

But to return to our description of the Hospital. As time went on many necessary buildings were added, in all sixteen, and the most important, the church. It is of Japanese architecture, and all its interior arranged for the comfort as well as the edification of the patients, and an inclined entrance provided for wheel chairs. It is called the Church of the Advent, and over the door are the words: "My House shall be called the House of Prayer." Beyond and among the buildings are gardens; a kitchen garden cared for by the patients, and many garden patches for those well enough to work in them. And great is the delight of these gardeners at planting the seeds, seeing the delicate shoots come up and then the beautiful flowers.

After the service of dedicating the church, someone remarked how perfect the upkeep of the hospital was and how expensive it must be. "Yes", a friend replied, "perhaps so; but all the money in the world could never result in making the atmosphere what we all feel it to be: nothing but the tireless, consecrated personal attention and loving care of the founder herself could accomplish this. The Hospital of the Resurrection of Hope is the creation of a consecrated personality. It is the spiritual, as well as the material expression of a great soul devoted to the service of God and her fellow men."

But her work extended far beyond this hospital. Kusatsu, one thousand miles from Kumamoto, is a place with hot sulphur springs, and of great natural beauty, where rhododendrons and lilies of the valley abound, and where lepers congregated in hope of benefit from the waters. Often, however, in their disappointment, they became desperate, and sought oblivion in drink, and thence sank into the depths of vice. So Kusatsu was "a town of darkness". When Miss Riddell saw it she wept; yet, instead of drawing back in despair, she thought of the despair of the lepers, and of the power of Christ.

For this great undertaking she had untold help in the person of her niece, Miss Ada Wright, who for some years had been associated with her in the hospital. So a little group was formed, of Miss Wright, the native chaplain, and other workers from the hospital. Of course, progress was slow, especially because their arrival was at first entirely misunderstood. After a while, however, timid smiles began to appear on the wan faces, and gratitude, and later came praise and thanksgiving to God. So great was the change effected that the police of the region were puzzled by the transformation.

To the Loochoo Islands, another centre of lepers, and to many other similar places, Miss Riddell sent native workers, with medicines and comfort and inspiration. Meanwhile, Leper Asylums were established in many parts of the Empire, and in 1930 The National Leper Prevention Society was organized.

After forty years of this strenuous life her health began to wane. Still she worked on, going about in a wheel chair. Then, in February, 1932, she breathed her last, and her ashes were placed, in accordance with her well-known wishes, in the mausoleum she had erected for the ashes of "her children",—Miss Ada Wright, her niece, carrying on the work.

One of her patients says: "Miss Riddell put great stress on religion, not urging us, but by her own character and love we were influenced. She comforted us and always emphasized the spiritual side, so we lived in love and freedom, and were joined one to another by mutual friendship, service, and gratitude. We lived in an atmosphere . . . which money could not buy."

It is at the Hospital of the Resurrection of Hope that the following hymn is sung every evening,—a hymn which, it has been said, expresses the essence of Christianity:

All through the day this thought has been the dearest,
That Thy belovéd Hand is laid on me;
That Thou of all hast deigned to come the nearest
And marked me with the sign of Calvary.

What if I suffer, so Thou grantest only
That I fall not from Thee in my last hour;
So that Thou leave me not to suffer lonely,
But wilt uphold me with Thy touch of power?

Thou givest joy so deep to those in sadness,
That though Thy piercéd Hand may be downprest,
There is within a hidden well of gladness,
For which I thank Thee, knowing I am blessed!

Truly the founder of this hospital had a purpose in life! And if her achievement seems to some of us, in our quieter lives, too vast to be an inspiration, let us remember we are repeatedly told that the Masters look on motives and not on results, and that we are no judges of what they can do with the smallest honest effort made for their Cause.[2]

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[2] Let us remember also, the Editors would suggest, that while current events continually remind us of the extent to which the West has corrupted the East, the influence of the West has in some ways proved a marvellous blessing, as this article so clearly shows.—EDITORS.

HEAD, HEART, AND HAND[1]

YOU will need to consider often the nature of this "science" about which we hear so much to-day, and which enters into our lives at a thousand places, bringing to our attention a wealth of strange phenomena of which our ancestors had no least notion. Our age, in fact, is distinguished from other historical periods by the dominance of this great power to which men have transferred much of the allegiance which, in an earlier day, they gave to religion. We are about to start upon the study of one of the sciences, and certainly we want to know how science differs from other kinds of knowledge. Well, we discovered at the outset that the men who study science begin by drawing an arbitrary line about one set of facts: Things that can be touched, tasted, seen, smelled, and heard—these alone are the matters with which science deals. Most of us were, I think, surprised to learn that science is so limited. Nobody had ever told us that before. In the schools we had been led to believe that science was a wise and wonderful guide to the whole of life, and that the ancient nations, lacking this wonderful guide, had been subject to idle speculations and superstitious beliefs about natural events. Now we begin to realize, perhaps, that we have to keep an eye on this cock-sure giant of science. He can't possibly know everything which is necessary to our happiness, because he refuses to consider at all so very many matters that lie closest to our hearts.

There are certain people in the world who say that scientific knowledge is the only kind that is real, is the only kind that matters, and that every single fact which is true must come to us through the sense organs. They look upon everything else as fanciful dreaming. You hear such people say: "That idea isn't scientific", which seems to imply that, in their opinion, the idea is not a sound one.

But we can see easily how biassed and foolish such a view really is. For every mother's son and mother's daughter of us is perfectly familiar with a set of normal, everyday experiences which are wholly real but which cannot be touched or tasted, seen, smelled or heard. For instance: we can imagine the old dog at home sitting on the back porch and scratching fleas. An inelegant picture, perhaps, but it is perfectly real as a picture in the mind, and yet it is utterly unscientific. Tell me: where is that picture of the dog? If I should open your brain and dissect it down to the last cell and nerve fibre, could I see or touch or otherwise detect the picture of that dog? Of course not. Yet that picture-dog is a fact—just as much a fact as the flesh-and-blood dog on the back porch. But it is not a physical fact, not a scientific fact; it belongs to another sort of fact-world which, using the term broadly, we may call the spiritual world. Let's take another example. What are your affection for your parents, your loyalties to your friends, your admiration for those examples of noble

[1] Notes of a lecture recently given to College Freshmen.

men and women who have fought and died in defence of high ideals? None of these glorious things is scientific; not one of them could possibly be studied by the scientific method. Yet we surely realize that such matters lie at the very core of our lives, and that to omit them from consideration would leave us starved and crippled. If the terrible choice were forced upon us of giving up some of our outer senses or of being crippled in our inner life, I am sure we should all say: Yes, take away my sight or my hearing but leave me my imagination, my power of affection and worship and love.

How foolish it is, then, to imagine that science and the world with which it deals, is all that is needful to solve the problem of human life. Why science cannot even solve the simple problem of a picture-dog in my mind.

Of course we are going to give science its due. What we object to is giving it more than its due. Within its limited field of facts it has done a magnificent work, and I hope your hearts may come to feel the beauty and the wonder of the world which it reveals to us. Only we must not forget that the beauty and wonder which we feel before the revelations given us by science, are not themselves of any scientific importance whatever. Strange, is it not, that the spiritual beauty hidden in the heart of the world, and which is the source of life and joy and gladness, is no concern of science?

Now of course science has a perfect right to stake out any sort of limited claim it wishes. If a group of men wishes to limit its field to a one-acre meadow, that is its affair. But we shall enter a decided protest when such people insist that their limited province embraces all that can be known, and then try to force upon us an interpretation of the big world in the terms of a one-acre meadow. One is reminded of a story based on an old saying that, "In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king". A young man with two sound, shining eyes finds a mountain valley shut away from civilization, where for ages the inhabitants have all been blind. Only hollow eye-sockets remain in their faces. Touched by pity, the traveller begins to tell them about the beautiful world of form and colour from which they are shut out. Does he become their king, this young man with his completer senses? Not a bit of it. The people listen; they whisper together: "A poet and a dreamer", says one; "Madness", says another. Finally the scientists of the land learn of this monster who is among them. After a physical examination they aver that two tumours are pressing on the young man's brain and are causing strange hallucinations. They recommend the use of the surgeon's knife. Fortunately our hero escapes such a terrible fate and finds his way back to his own sort of people. Now there are men of parallel blindness among the scientists. They aver that only material things are real; their spiritual eyes are darkened, and in dreadful likeness to the scientists of our story, they consider themselves normal human beings and regard as diseased, such men as believe in the spiritual world. Of course not all scientists are like that. Many of them see clearly that the field of science is only a limited and partial one.

Now it is evident that science concerns itself wholly with what we familiarly call "head knowledge". But when we glance through a college catalogue we

may see, perhaps, a statement to the effect that the college gives training in "sciences, humanities and arts". What, then, are humanities and arts?

Well, we are human beings, and there are subjects which appeal to us just on that account. Literature, history, painting, sculpture and music—such subjects make up the humanities, and it is evident that a strong element of human feeling goes with them. We might call it the "heart-element". It is clear, too, that a race of intelligent dogs or cats would show small interest in our humanities. Perhaps they would prefer to study "dogmatics" and "categories". Possibly old bones, ash-cans and the natural history of woodchucks would bulk heavily in the curriculum of dogdom. There would, however, be one "dogmatic" which we humans might well add to our "humanities" and consider with deep attention. That is the subject of dog-loyalty. The dog too often puts his master to shame in his mastery of that quality which we like to think is such a splendid human trait.

Finally, our college catalogues offer the arts, and the arts are only applied sciences, or sciences in action. When we study the arts we learn how to do things: to build churches and chicken-coops, to pull teeth and raise tomatoes. Those are arts. The fine arts possess the element of beauty. The study and appreciation of true and beautiful human works belongs to the humanities. Their actual production, however, is an art, and since the art of their production calls for scientific knowledge, we can see that the activities of head, heart and hand are interblended with one another and work together to produce the final effect. So every perfect work whether it be a poem, a painting, a majestic bridge or a whirring dynamo, embodies and makes manifest the three qualities. But the perfect human body or the perfect oak tree reveals the same three blended qualities, as though the Creative Activity which builds the universe were the Pattern according to which man's smaller powers were moulded.

Here on the blackboard let us draw the familiar symbol of the equilateral triangle and label the three corners: "head", "heart" and "hand", respectively. As we ponder the matter we see that it symbolizes our everyday nature, though I doubt very much if any one of us is so finely balanced, with head, heart and hand so nicely adjusted to one another, that an equilateral triangle is truly representative. Most of us are unfortunately highly scalene. For when the "head gets to swelling", the head angle of the triangle becomes obtuse, the other two angles necessarily become acute, and the whole figure becomes skewed. A man whose symbol is that sort of triangle may be a learned and brilliant fellow; he may be a great scholar capable of spinning thoughts into tenuous patterns and drawing up elaborate blue-prints for Utopias in which other people are to live, but his heart is shrunken, and he is a bungler in the world of practical affairs. It is a danger to which the brilliant student is exposed, though after considerable experience with Freshmen I do not believe the danger to them is immediate and I do not lie awake nights worrying about it.

But if men sometimes go wrong on the "head corner", the women are likely to get impaled on the corner directly opposite. Have you ever heard the word "gush", or, what is worse, been exposed to a "gusher"? Have you ever opened

a book or a magazine and started an article about plants which commenced with the "darling little blossoms lifting their sweet baby-faces to the sky"? That is gush—an indication of a triangle gone all askew on the "heart angle". Oh yes, we rather expect a bit of it from the ladies and we get used to it, but if a man gets going that way the only thing to do is to shoot him!

Finally comes the lower or "hand angle", and it is perfectly clear that the over-development of the "practical" leads to a highly undesirable type of human being. For here stand those who measure life by the quantity of things they can get, men who sneer at high thought and noble feeling and spend their shrunken lives in "grubbing for edible roots".

But the triangle can teach us still more about ourselves and about others. What will happen if two angles are given values of more than sixty degrees respectively, while the third angle necessarily becomes exceedingly acute? Or, to interpret the symbol in human terms: what will be the effect on character if one aspect of the triune nature be starved at the expense of the other two? There are three possible combinations of such undesirable possibilities: (1), head and heart may dominate the hand; (2), head and hand may dominate the heart; and (3) heart and hand may dominate the head. It does not take us long to fit these various combinations to actual human types. Many evils in our society arise from just such unbalanced natures. The heart-hand combination is back of many of the ill-devised schemes for social betterment. It means that well-meaning sentimentalists rush into social action without a balance wheel of sound thinking. Here are the pacifists and "uplifters" who fill the world with their silly blather. To put the same thought in the sententious words of another day: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread". The head-hand distortion is seen terribly at work in Russia, where a logical, dogmatic, materialistic doctrine is put into action with the help of the firing squad and exile to Siberian lumber-camps.

For our immediate purpose the lesson is clear. Let us try to keep a healthy balance, so far as we may, between our sciences, humanities and arts. Let us learn to think clearly, to feel keenly, and to act swiftly, silently and effectively, with a passion for perfection.

But we know ourselves to be so weak. So often we have tried and failed, till we begin to doubt the possibility of ever conquering our faults of head, heart and hand. Yes, it is clear that the human triangle stands on its point and that it is a poor, wobbly thing quite unable to keep its balance unless it is shored up and stabilized. What we need to do is to draw another and reversed triangle through it. There, now we have a firm, strong figure which, I am sure, is familiar to most of us. It is found in the Christian Church, in the Jewish Synagogue, and even in the temples of Eastern peoples. We note, too, that the angles of the first triangle are only reflections of those of the second and stable one, just as though we had held them successively before a mirror. Can it be that our head, heart and hand—our sciences, humanities and arts—are likewise only the reflections of parent realities? Did we not see, at the beginning of this lecture, that the works we do, seem curiously to follow the Pattern

set by the Creative Activity which built the world? Suppose we write the words: "Wisdom", "Love", "Will", at the appropriate corners of the new and stable triangle. Then the sciences which our minds have attained with such vast labour, are seen to be the reflection of Wisdom; our humanities mirror the mighty Love which strives ever to bind the human race into a Brotherhood; and our arts picture for us the Will which made the worlds. We may call this majestic stable Trinity, the Powers of God, or, if we prefer, we may term it our Higher Self or our Deeper Nature. We see that it is entwined with our own poor powers of head, heart and hand, and we see further, that it is the source of these powers which are, indeed, but reflections, and have no being apart from their great Parent.

So the sciences, the humanities and the arts which we are to study as we go forward in our college course, are the mirrors in which we see "as in a glass darkly" the reflection of the Divine Trinity. We begin to understand how cramped and limited is the materialistic view which would for ever confine us to the shadow-world revealed by the five poor human senses.

Have we been disheartened as we faced the giant task of conquering, not only the field of knowledge, but, what is harder, the field of our own imperfect natures? But now we know where the Power is to be sought which can accomplish all things for us. Within each one of us is the Light which shows us the way, the Love which reveals all mysteries, and the Power "which made the rocks and rivers, the stars and the ever-moving sea". But only as we yoke ourselves with that Lord of Joy who is our Higher Self can we ever hope to climb the steeps of high accomplishment.

Such is the meaning of the double triangle for us as we stand at the threshold of our college course. R.E.T.

The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship) . . . is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye.—CARLYLE.

All beauty that to human sight is given
Is but the shadow, if we rightly see,
Of Him from whom man's spirit issueth.—MICHAEL ANGELO.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

A STANDARD FOR TO-DAY

If I were to be called upon to draw a picture of the times and of men, from what I have seen, heard, and in part know, I should in one word say, that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of most of them; that speculation, peculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost of every order of men, that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day; whilst the momentous concerns of an empire, a great and accumulating debt, ruined finances, depreciated money, and want of credit, which, in its consequences, is the want of everything, are but secondary considerations, and postponed from day to day, from week to week, as if our affairs wore the most promising aspect.—GEORGE WASHINGTON: LETTER TO HARRISON.

"A PICTURE of the times and of men": the first thought Washington's picture suggests is its striking applicability to our own day, and then comes a realization of the fact that against such a background, and with such unpromising material, Washington and a small group of right-minded citizens moulded what was to become a mighty empire. In the century or so since then, the country, both in spirit and in government, has fallen away from the lines originally laid down, and many to-day recognize the urgent need for returning to the first principles of Americanism—realizing that the fate of the nation, now as in 1776, depends on the proportion of its citizens who are capable of embodying the ideals of the early patriots and serving as "the little leaven".

In any such consideration, of course, Washington is pre-eminently the first American—though estimates of him vary all the way from those who try to belittle his greatness, up to the occasional devotee who regards him as a Lodge Messenger, sent to strike the keynote for the great experiment made in the western world. His ideals comprise the simple virtues open to emulation by every right-thinking American—unselfish service, self-control, prudence, magnanimity, a big outlook on life—though many of them he possessed to a degree that only a great man could attain. Gouverneur Morris said of him: "His first victory was over himself. To each desire he had taught moderation"—a significant comment, in view of the quiet forcefulness which characterized everything that Washington did. There is another contemporary estimate of him, no less significant, coming this time from Jefferson: "His integrity was sure, his justice the most inflexible I ever knew, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendliness or hatred being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good and a great man." A modern biographer

adds another quality which is noteworthy, terming him "the most supremely silent of the great men of action that the world can show".

Perhaps the three words which associate themselves most closely with him, as characteristic, are justice, honour and dignity. They were the touchstones which he himself used in many and varying circumstances: is it just, is it honourable, is it fitting? The first two are, of course, a part of the code of the gentleman of whatever time. The third is less often stressed, in our own day, yet it will be remembered that Confucius declares the sense of "harmonious proportion" to be one of the requisites of nobility—by which he means a sense of appropriateness, a sense of what is fitting, of what is in good taste. This idea is included in Washington's use of the word dignity. We may recall, as one instance of it, the account given in our histories of his refusal to accept a letter from Lord Howe, representing the English Government,—because it was addressed, "Mr. Washington". A second time the letter came, the address changed to, "George Washington, Esq., etc., etc." When the General rejected this too, the bearer explained that the "etc., etc. implies everything", but Washington replied that it might also mean anything. No insistence on personal recognition was involved in this, but, instead, a realization of the fact that, in the eyes of the world, he represented the Republic, and the dignity of its cause; that form and ceremonial, rank and title have a reality behind them. Henry Cabot Lodge, in his highly laudatory biography, calls attention to the fact that Washington, at the beginning of the Revolution, had achieved, overnight as it were, a national feeling and a national outlook—the viewpoint of a national leader as contrasted with that of the colonial planter—claiming that no one else at that time, with the exception of Hamilton, was capable of such a swift transformation, and that it is difficult for us, after a century of national life, to realize all that it involved. "He felt to the very core of his being the need of national self-respect and national dignity. . . . It was the personal dignity of the man, quite as much as his fighting capacity, which impressed Europe. Kings and ministers, looking on dispassionately, soon realized that here was no ordinary agitator or revolutionist, but a great man on a great stage with great conceptions."

Mere personal ambition, the desire for personal recognition, personal honour and glory, were no part of his nature. Many instances of this fact could be given; it is sufficient to recall the simplicity of his comment on the military operations which included the famous crossing of the Delaware, and the battles of Trenton and Princeton. Frederick the Great is said to have characterized this as the most brilliant campaign of the century; Washington referred to it merely as "two lucky strokes at Trenton and Princeton".

In the experiences of his early years—his Indian fighting, his work in the wilderness, and so on—he developed an indomitable will to victory, and the power in an eminent degree to set self aside, sinking personal considerations in devotion to duty, to a principle, to a cause or to his country, as the case might be. This steady adherence to principle is notable throughout his life. In the early days he had written: "If it is in my power to avoid going to the Ohio again,

I shall; but if the command is pressed upon me by the general voice of the country, and offered upon such terms as cannot be objected against, it would reflect dishonour on me to refuse it." It was in the same spirit that he accepted the command of the Revolutionary forces. A man of wealth, living in all ways as an English gentleman of the time, he was little affected personally by the political disturbances between the colonists and the Crown. He could well have viewed the matter as did the Tories, or remained *au dessus de la mêlée*. But he saw it as a question of right and wrong, a question of justice, and he threw everything into the balance,—refusing all pay for his services, pledging his estates to raise money and men, and placing his reputation, his future, his liberty and his life at stake, in becoming the leader of the rebel cause.

A minor instance of the same characteristic adherence to principle was shown when the English troops marched up the Potomac, and a member of the family, left in charge at Mt. Vernon, tried to conciliate them by serving refreshments. Washington wrote to him: "It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that, in consequence of your non-compliance with their request, they had burnt my house and laid the plantation in ruins. You ought to have considered yourself as my representative, and should have reflected on the bad example of communicating with the enemy, and making a voluntary offer of refreshments to them, with a view to prevent a conflagration."

To one of his officers who was dissatisfied with his commission and considered resigning because of it, Washington wrote, "In the usual contests of empire and ambition, the conscience of a soldier has so little share that he may very properly insist upon his claims of rank, and extend his pretensions even to punctilio; but in such a cause as this, when the object is neither glory nor extent of territory, but a defence of all that is dear and valuable in private and public life, surely every post ought to be deemed honourable in which a man can serve his country."

Profiteering and similar dishonest practices during the Revolution moved him to hot indignation. Quoting a remark made by the English on this point, to the effect that we should destroy ourselves if left free to do so, he wrote[1]:

> Cannot our common country, America, possess virtue enough to disappoint them? Is the paltry consideration of a little pelf to individuals to be placed in competition with the essential rights and liberties of the present generation, and of millions yet unborn? Shall a few designing men, for their own aggrandizement, and to gratify their own avarice, overset the goodly fabric we have been rearing, at the expense of so much time, blood, and treasure? And shall we at last become the victims of our own lust of gain? Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it, all and every State in the Union, by enacting and enforcing efficacious laws for checking the growth of these monstrous evils, and restoring matters, in some degree, to the state they were in at the commencement of the war. Our cause is noble. It is the cause of mankind, and the danger to it is to be apprehended from ourselves. Shall we slumber and sleep, then . . . ?

And a little later (December, 1778), in a letter to Reed:

> It gives me sincere pleasure . . . that the assembly is so well disposed to second your

[1] Quotations that follow are taken from: *Life of George Washington*, by Washington Irving; *George Washington*, by Henry Cabot Lodge; *Maxims of Washington*, collected by J. F. Schroeder, and from other sources including Washington's Correspondence.

endeavours in bringing those murderers of our cause, the monopolizers, forestallers, and engrossers to condign punishment. It is much to be lamented that each State, long ere this, has not hunted them down as pests to society and the greatest enemies we have to the happiness of America. I would to God that some one of the most atrocious in each State was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman. No punishment, in my opinion, is too great for the man who can build his greatness upon his country's ruin.

That last sentence might well be used as a slogan for the present day.

The history of his heroic struggle to build an army, to supply money, uniforms, ammunition; to awaken patriotism and the fighting spirit; to induce the country to send more able men to Congress, and to stir Congress (ignorant of the needs and details of war) to effective action—all are a matter of history, too well known to need mention. But the selflessness and sacrifice and suffering involved, were a grilling test of devotion to a cause, the long-drawn agony of which is not always taken into account. It was after two of his brigades broke and ran before fifty British soldiers, leaving him to choose between capture or flight, that he wrote:

Such is my situation that if I were to wish the bitterest curse to an enemy on this side of the grave, I should put him in my stead. I see the impossibility of serving with reputation, or doing any essential service to the cause by continuing in command; and yet I am told that if I quit the command, inevitable ruin will follow, from the distractions that will ensue. In confidence I tell you that I never was in such an unhappy, divided state since I was born.

One other instance is too striking to omit,—though all of them, of course, are matters of history, more or less familiar, and only their significance as showing the measure of the man, warrants their inclusion. We refer to his attitude when a certain group in the Army, aroused by the inefficiency of Congress, planned to make of the country a monarchy, and to offer him the crown. His letter in reply reads:

With a mixture of surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured no occurrence in the course of the War, has given me more painful sensations, than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence, and reprehend with severity.

I am much at a loss, to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person, to whom your schemes are more disagreeable.

At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army, than I do; and, as far as my powers and influence, in a Constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed, to the utmost of my abilities, to effect it, should there be any occasion.

At the present time, when a thousand dollar prize has been offered for a song that shall supplant the National Anthem—a song that is "not martial" and has "no bombs bursting in air"—Washington is being quoted as authority for keeping our country safely out of war! George Washington, used to bolster up the pacifist cause, is an anomaly indeed. Such detractors ignore entirely the nature

of the man. They seize on one incident of his Administration: the fact that a large part of the population, impelled by an entirely justifiable gratitude for all that France had done for the new Republic, were determined to reciprocate by joining her in her war against England; and that Washington saw it as a matter of necessity to maintain a policy of strict neutrality. It will be remembered that he issued a proclamation, forbidding any participation in the war on the sea, or the carrying of contraband. Public opinion ran high, and Washington's prestige suffered. The proclamation, Washington Irving tells us in his monumental work, was stigmatized as a royal edict, a daring assumption of power, a manifestation of partiality for England and hostility to France.

But the circumstances must be taken into account: a nation in embryo, so to speak, with no proved ability to stand on its own feet, no national credit, no definitely national sentiment—in short, sure to be an encumbrance rather than an aid. Washington wrote on this subject: "With me a predominant motive has been, to endeavour to gain time to our country to settle and mature its recent institutions, and to progress, without interruption, to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanely speaking, the command of its own fortunes."

There was nothing of the pacifist or the neutral in the man who exclaimed in youthful enthusiasm that he "loved to hear bullets whistle"; who, in one engagement where the Revolutionary troops wavered, rode to the front and reining his horse within thirty yards of the enemy, ordered his men to advance; who, in another engagement, where his men broke and ran, dashed in among them urging them to rally, and then, drawing sword and pistol, fought them furiously, determined to stop their flight, until finally saved from capture himself by one of his officers, who seized his bridle and dragged him almost from the hands of the oncoming British. Lodge, who bases his estimate on a minute study of details, writes:

> There was one thing which he could never appreciate nor realize. It was from first to last impossible for him to understand how any man could refuse to fight, or could think of running away. When he beheld rout and cowardly panic before his very eyes, his temper broke loose and ran uncontrolled. His one thought then was to fight to the last, and he would have thrown himself single-handed on the enemy, with all his wisdom and prudence flung to the winds. The day when the commander held his place merely by virtue of personal prowess lay far back in the centuries, and no one knew it better than Washington. But the old fighting spirit awoke within him when the clash of arms sounded in his ears, and though we may know the general in the tent and in the council, we can only know the man when he breaks out from all rules and customs, and shows the rage of battle, and the indomitable eagerness for the fray, which lie at the bottom of the tenacity and courage that carried the war for independence to a triumphant close.

It is true that Washington's policy regarding neutrality developed later into the Monroe doctrine; but there is nothing to suggest that he expected it to hold *in æternum*, nor, above all, that he dreamed of its taking precedence over principles of justice and honour. His letters give proof of this.

> The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion, that, contrary to the order of

human events, they will for ever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms, with which the history of every nation abounds.

There is a rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness.

If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it.

If we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are, *at all times, ready for war.* (Italics his.)

It has been, very properly, the policy of our Government to cultivate peace. But, in contemplating the possibility of our being driven to unqualified war, it will be wise to anticipate, that, frequently, *the most effectual way to defend is to attack.* (Again, italics his.)

There is nothing which will so soon produce a speedy and honourable peace as a state of preparation for war.

The Revolution had little more than ended when the insurrection, known as the Shays Rebellion, broke out in Massachusetts. An investigator, sent to determine the facts of the matter, reported:

Their [the insurgents'] creed is that the property of the United States has been protected from the confiscation of Britain by the joint exertions of *all*, and therefore ought to be the common property of all, and he that attempts opposition to this creed, is an enemy to equity and justice, and ought to be swept from off the face of the earth. . . . They are determined to annihilate all debts, public and private, and have agrarian laws, which are easily effected by means of unfunded paper, which shall be a tender in all cases whatever.

Washington, in retirement at Mt. Vernon at the time, was playing an important part, by means of an extensive correspondence, in moulding public opinion. His comments left no doubt as to how he would handle such a situation. To Lee he wrote:

You talk, my good sir, of employing influence to appease the present tumults in Massachusetts. I know not where that influence is to be found, or, if attainable, that it would be a proper remedy for the disorders. *Influence* is not *government.* Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties, and properties will be secured, or let us know the worst at once.

In another letter on the same subject, he wrote:

There is a call for decision. Know precisely what the insurgents aim at. If they have real grievances, redress them, if possible; or acknowledge the justice of them, and your inability to do it at the moment. If they have not, employ the force of government against them at once. . . . Let the reins of government then be braced and held with a steady hand, and every violation of the constitution be reprehended. If defective let it be amended; but not suffered to be trampled upon whilst it has an existence.

From this point on, there is much in his conduct of public affairs that suggests what his approach would have been to certain major problems of our own day. The firm policy just outlined for the handling of popular unrest, was put to the test in his second term as President, by a rebellion which broke out in western Pennsylvania over a tax on liquor—a most delicate situation, since it came at a time when he could not be sure to what extent the country was with him, or whether, if he called out the militia, the States were yet capable of rising above State-considerations and acting as a Federation, with the sole good of the union

in view. It was one of the first real tests of the efficacy of the new government and the Constitution, and Irving's account of it is worth reading for the picture it gives of Washington's insight and ability through several difficult years, and of the sagacity with which he chose just the right time to strike and strike hard, —to the complete and final confusion of the insurgents. A letter from Washington on the subject tells of the notable response evoked from the best element in the country: "There are instances of general officers going at the head of a single troop, and of light companies; of field officers, when they came to the place of rendezvous, and found no command for them in that grade, turning into the ranks and proceeding as private soldiers, under their own captains; and of numbers possessing the first fortunes in the country, standing in the ranks as private men."

The lessons learned from his eight years as President, Washington embodied in his Farewell Address,—combining them with a keen foresight as to the difficulties that lay ahead. He made no claim of perfection for the governmental system which he was so largely instrumental in drawing up,—having written earlier concerning it: "There are some things in the new form, I will readily acknowledge, which never did, and I am persuaded never will, obtain my cordial approbation, but I did then conceive and do now most firmly believe that in the aggregate it is the best Constitution that can be obtained at this epoch, and that this or a dissolution of the Union awaits our choice, and is the only alternative before us." But once adopted, there could be, in his estimation, no excuse for failure to adhere to it. He saw clearly the dangers that lay in departing from it unadvisedly, and his Address is devoted largely to warning and admonition: warning against innovations in government (an insidious means of undermining that which could not be overthrown by direct attack); warning against allowing one department of government to encroach upon another (destroying the balance of power as between legislative, judicial and executive functions, which alone insures liberty); warning against the extremes to which party spirit will lead; warning that in each case there lie hidden, inevitably, the seeds of despotism, the jeopardizing of the liberty for which the nation had paid so dearly. In reading certain clauses of the Address, his foresight appears almost prophetic, so closely is it applicable to conditions both at present and in the century that has passed. In this our day of little men, blindly sowing the wind, it is certain that some measure of the whirlwind might still be averted if more general heed were given to this great Address, the fruit of wise experience, and if more general adherence were given to the ideals and principles of the nation's founder,—so far the greatest public character the country has produced.

J.C.

WITHOUT CENSOR

XII.

BY the latter part of October, 1918, the First Army was feeling the effects of the severe fighting in which it had been engaged. Losses had been very heavy, especially in the best attack units, and our offensive power had been lowered. These losses were made up by replacements, but often these were only partially trained, and in some cases had had practically no training at all. Several different Colonels told me that they had received new men into their organizations who had not been in the military service for more than six weeks, who had never fired a rifle, and who had never worn a gas mask. Often, too, their equipment was inadequate. The regiments assimilated these men as rapidly as possible, until they were again at full war strength; the training and the equipment of the replacements was completed in the field and under combat conditions. Stragglers, of whom there were now many, had to be collected and returned to their organizations. The weather conditions had been bad, with cold and continuous rain, and the attacking troops were entirely without means of shelter, and often without sufficient supplies. Transport was difficult, owing to the fact that there were only three worn-out roads, one for each Army Corps, leading up to the front, and these roads were often almost impassable because of congestion and shell holes. Forage for the animals was scarce, for ammunition and supplies for the men were sent up first, and when the congestion was at its worst our horses died in great numbers, impairing the mobility of our artillery. So acute did this problem in regard to the animals become, that I heard some discussion among the First Army Staff as to whether or not it would be possible, then and there in the middle of the offensive, to change over the artillery and make it tractor-drawn. It was under conditions such as these that the work of reorganizing and of rehabilitating those divisions which had been in the line for days went forward, while at the same time an unrelenting pressure was maintained against the enemy, and preparations for the final co-ordinated drive forward were completed. There was nothing particularly unusual about these conditions; there was no doubt whatever that they could be met and overcome, and they were. We had gained ground, against severe opposition, and we had greatly impaired the enemy's strength. Our positions were being improved daily through local operations, while the temporary lull in the proceedings encouraged the Army and raised its morale.

The final phase began on November 1st, and proceeded rapidly. A great change in the direction of the First Army attack had taken place, from facing north to facing east; the Fourth French Army was not always able to keep abreast of our left flank, so that the First Army relied for flank protection upon our own First Army Corps on the left of our advance. The attack gained

momentum as it proceeded, as did also the enemy's retreat; it was necessary in some instances to use motor trucks to carry our infantry forward and enable them to regain contact. The enemy's lines were completely broken through. In seven days he was driven back twenty-four miles on the First Army front, and his main line of communications was within close striking distance. In the last three days before the Armistice the Second American Army on our right, with three Army Corps in line, advanced in its initial army offensive along its entire front in the direction of the Briey iron basin. But it was the results of the final drive of the First American Army which were significant, and which were felt along the entire Western Front. The enemy could not survive the loss of those positions which we had taken, with the resulting paralysis of his railroad system of supply and communication. The break through rendered completely impossible any further orderly withdrawal of his forces, and he pressed for an Armistice.

As this last phase progressed, and as our attacking troops surged further and further away from Headquarters First Army at Souilly, the difficulty of communicating with the Headquarters of our Army Corps became very serious. They were too far away then to be reached rapidly by courier, and the greater distance rendered the telephone wires weak, and made it practically impossible to hear continuously or distinctly. So bad did these conditions become that finally the Chief of Staff directed me to take two officers and to go forward to Châtel-Chéhéry and to establish there a relay post of the Message Centre. It was a mid-way point, at which our Signal Corps had established a telephone central, and my mission was to take down the more urgent messages emanating from First Army Headquarters, and to relay them afresh to their destinations over a shorter wire on which the current was stronger. It was, of course, the start of a new Army Advance Command Post, necessitated by the exigencies of the situation; and when I arrived there, after having bumped slowly over unspeakable roads for a couple of hours, I found that a number of officers from other sections of the Staff were already on the spot. But I was not destined ever to function there as intended, for I was met upon my arrival by the Secretary of the General Staff, who informed me that he had just received a message from Lieutenant-General Liggett, to the effect that the German delegates seeking an Armistice had crossed our lines, and that he was not going to do anything more about establishing an Advance P. C. until he knew what had taken place at their conference with Marshal Foch. I was told to return at once to Souilly, so that I was not in the place for more than twenty minutes. Just as I was about to step into the car for the return journey, having left my two officers behind in case plans should again be changed, I happened, by some singular piece of good fortune, to glance into the forward part of the car where the driver sat. I saw there some foreign objects rolling about as he manœuvered the car to a standstill. I looked again, more closely, and found that they were unexploded hand grenades, which my chauffeur had collected from the adjoining battle-field during his short period of waiting, and which he had hoped and expected to take back with him as souvenirs. I deferred my

departure until they had been safely removed and placed by the side of the road. I had no wish to try bumping about on those rough roads, with a load of hand grenades rolling about the floor of the car. It would have made our arrival too problematical.

During those last days before the Armistice there had been a constant stream of cipher messages, received through the Code Room of the Message Centre, announcing the defection one by one of the German Allies, until Germany at last stood alone. There had come, in rapid succession, message after message describing the victories which were being gained daily by the French and the British Armies, and the rolling back of the long German line from the Meuse to the Sea. We who were at the pivot, at the hinge of the door that was opening, knew how things were going there, knew that our pressure at that key point was assisting in forcing the enemy retirement. From the military point of view, that German retreat was one of the most masterly tactical operations of the War. Time and time again, on the great map of the Western Front at First Army Headquarters, it seemed inevitable that whole enemy army corps would be hemmed in and captured; time and time again the enemy slipped through just before the pincers had time to close. Events were taking place with such extraordinary rapidity that it was difficult to keep track of them; to gauge the speed at which they would move; to attempt to forecast future happenings. One could foresee what was likely to occur, in the light of things that were then taking place, but only in a general way; the outcome depended, in that rapidly moving panorama on the map, upon which thing happened first; accuracy of forecast was impossible. But the ultimate result was no longer in doubt, nor should there be any doubt to-day in the minds of those who criticize the Armistice, who regret that the advance was not continued then to German soil, and that the final fruits of victory were not gathered, as to the completeness of the success at that moment, as to the thoroughness of the defeat, the utter rout. There are many to-day who were in the Allied Armies, who whole-heartedly agree with such criticisms, who admit their justice and their truth. But they do so with, shall I say, almost a feeling of regret that they must, because they realize that, in the bitterness of disappointment that prompts them, what was really accomplished from a purely military standpoint has been under-estimated, undervalued, unappreciated, even that it has never been understood. That bitterness of disappointment, that feeling that the Peace was lost, seem, in retrospect, to have completely overshadowed appreciation of actual military accomplishment. It is not fair, this, to those who brought about these final military successes; it is not fair to those who laid down their lives in countless thousands over four long years in order that those final results might be at last achieved. They had nothing to do with the machinations of politicians in high places, with the expediencies and the subterfuges of diplomacy, with the give and take of conferences. Nor is it fair to the officers and men of the American Expeditionary Forces, who, entering the war late through no fault of theirs, developed with extraordinary rapidity a military machine, which, in those last days, compared favourably, I believe, in

efficiency and in accomplishment with any of the other Allied Armies; which conducted operations on a scale to which there is no parallel in the military history of our country, a scale which has never been understood or realized by those who stayed at home.

It was after one had actually arrived home, that the realization of this came. It was a shock, then, to realize that, practically without exception, the people with whom one talked did not have the slightest conception as to where on the map those towns and villages were, the names of which are immortal in our military history. When they thought at all along military lines, it was in terms of companies and of regiments; we had been thinking and acting over there in terms of army corps and of field armies. But they did not seem to be particularly interested in the purely military aspect; they did not want, apparently, to try to understand the scale upon which things had been done. They would let one talk—a returning officer was entitled to do that—but they were quite obviously glad, when an opportunity came, to break in, and to tell about what they themselves had done in the Red Cross or in selling Liberty Bonds. They seemed, especially those who should have known or should have wanted to know, to be sound asleep. They had been too far away, too safe. They had read literature of the war to "any" extent, and they could talk of things more or less fluently, if not with accuracy, but they did not *know*, they had no real conception of what they were talking about. What interest they did show became rapidly less as time went on, and as they relapsed into their old pre-war occupations and ways of living. How I longed then, in the feeling of unsettlement and of discouragement which this apparent lack of interest caused, for Mr. Griscom. It would not have been a case of one talk with him; there would have been many. He would have questioned me, would have gone to the heart of things, inquired into reasons, pointed out hitherto unrealized reactions, as he had after my two experiences at the Military Training Camps at Plattsburgh. It was just another way, an additional way, in which I missed him, upon my return.

Much has been said from time to time, and by many different people, in regard to the attitude of the American soldier. In the minds of many, he is supposed to have been insufferably arrogant, to have gone about explaining to the British and to the French that, now that they had failed, he and his buddies had come over to show them how to win the War. Indeed, there are those to-day in whom that idea is so strongly ingrained that, when our participation in the War is mentioned, this supposed attitude of the American soldier is the first thing that seems to come into the forefront of their minds in that connection, and they are inclined, as a rule, to drag it out and to speak of it with something that almost approaches a sneer. Usually, one finds that such people were *not* on the other side of the water during the War, that they have formed their impressions from a distance or from hearsay. This critical attitude of theirs is undoubtedly caused, in part, by that same bitterness of disappointment, of which I have already spoken, over an Allied victory which turned out, in the light of the Peace, to have been no victory at all in the real sense.

But their attitude is not fair to the American soldier; they are magnifying out of all due proportion something which, while it unquestionably existed, was entirely devoid of the significance which they have attached to it. One must know the soldier mind to understand it; when one does, one does not take it seriously. I do not for one minute believe that our soldiers really thought that they were superior to their comrades in the Allied Armies. They did not mean, in the remarks which they made, to belittle or to ignore. Far from it. When they spoke of themselves as the best little performers ever, and urged somewhat startled French citizens to keep their eyes on them when they once got going, they did not mean themselves to be taken seriously. Part of that brag and bluster came from natural talkativeness and a perverted sense of humour. Part of it was a smoke screen, for, at heart, they were diffident; they were horribly afraid that they might not perform well when the time came. They were mere boys, most of them, and when they found that the other fellow was annoyed by what they said, they were delighted, and they proceeded to rub it in some more. The very exuberance of youthful spirits which inspired this kind of talk was, in a sense, an indication of the high morale which our troops possessed. What they said at times was unquestionably in the worst possible taste, thoughtless, regrettable for the wrong impression which it might cause and for its possible effect. But it came from no real feeling of superiority, and was mostly pure and simple "hot air". Needless to say, nothing was ever said or done, as far as I was able to observe, by any officer on the Staffs of those larger units with which I was associated, which conveyed the idea of any feeling of superiority, of any wish to show anyone else how to win the War. Those men, the great majority of them, were the pick of our old Regular Army. They were under no illusions whatever as to how much they knew. Their one thought was to learn, from those who had had experience in what they themselves were then doing, and to learn fast. Their one idea was, not that they should win the War, but that the War should be won.

The coming of the Armistice brought with it two extraordinary experiences. One was the total cessation of that terrific noise to which we had been accustomed for so long, and the sudden reappearance of lights at night; there was something unreal about both of these things, and it took quite a long time to become used to them again. The other was a sudden influx of women into the front areas, all of whom were in some kind of uniform or other, and all of whom were bent on doing good of some kind to someone. Incidentally, they did not neglect themselves at times, if the extent to which they rode about in Staff cars was any criterion. I had, of course, seen nothing whatever of the work which women had done in French civilian relief, and so had been unable to form any impression of those organized activities. I had, however, seen nurses working in evacuation hospitals, under terrific stress and strain, and, later on, I saw them at their duties in several of the base hospitals, and it is impossible to speak in too high terms of their efficiency and devotion, of their courage and self-sacrifice. This lot, however, which was unloosed upon us, was a new

type. As I observed them, and as I gained light in regard to their activities *before* the Armistice through what I heard from others, I came reluctantly to the conclusion that there were too many women of the wrong kind going about in uniform, and not enough of the right kind. By the wrong kind, I do not mean those whose influence was positively harmful. Not at all. But the best of them were afflicted with curiosity. They wanted to be taken about and shown things which they had no business to see, the seeing of which fulfilled no useful purpose whatever and was entirely outside the line of their duty. Almost invariably, they were eager to be taken to see the front line trenches, and whenever they could, they pulled wires to bring this about. More than one unfortunate officer, detailed to conduct such a joy-ride in person, told me afterwards of his experience, in language that cannot be printed. They never seemed to have the remotest conception of the unnecessary danger in which they placed, not only their own party, but also all the troops in that immediate area, through their desire to gratify mere curiosity. They never in the least realized that, even in a quiet sector, every yard of the territory through which they passed was under perpetual enemy observation; that the slightest abnormal circulation at an unusual hour in that area, such as the arrival of their motor half a mile in the rear, would be noted; that any extraordinary activity in the trenches, caused by the advent of their party, would be spotted. The Boche, on the chance of being able to interfere with something which was going on that might possess military significance, was extremely likely to start a bombardment on general principles. The visiting party might escape without injury, after a thrilling experience which made a good story to tell later on, but there might well be several casualties after their departure among the troops holding that part of the line, as a result of this display of feminine interest. Again, these uniformed women were inclined to be over-talkative, to talk from insufficient knowledge. A traffic jam in the forward areas would attract their attention, and they would speak about it to some long-suffering junior officer; there must be inefficiency somewhere, they thought, and someone in authority ought to be told. They could not know that the plan for some offensive had been advanced in point of time, and that what they saw was a superhuman effort to accomplish in four or five days that which it had been planned to do over a period of two weeks. Parenthetically, to the civilian eye, the movement of military traffic almost always seemed to betoken confusion; it always looked worse than it really was; there was always order and purpose behind the seeming chaos. But I became more and more convinced that, outside of trained and efficient nurses, women had no place in the battle areas.

The Armistice brought with it another experience which caused intense dissatisfaction in the American Expeditionary Forces. Indeed, it is not overstating it to say that it caused an incipient spirit of revolt, so keen was the disappointment, so acute was the sense of injustice which it inspired. Three or four days after the Armistice it was announced in General Orders from G. H. Q. that all promotion had been suspended in the American Expeditionary Forces.

The impelling force had, of course, been Washington, where a thrifty but short-sighted Congress, appalled at the cost of the War, had determined, in view of the cessation of hostilities, to shut down at once on unessential expenditures, and had decided that a desirable first step would be to avoid the increased expense which a large number of promotions in France would automatically bring about. Many recommendations for promotion had already been submitted to G. H. Q. by commanding officers, and had been awaiting action for some time. Many others would have been submitted, based upon efficient or heroic performance in the days and weeks immediately preceding the Armistice. There had simply not been time, in the pressure of rapidly moving events, to send forward the customary papers in these cases; it was one of the things that could wait. This ruling was particularly hard on the younger line officers, for in many instances, owing to casualties, lieutenants had for days been in charge of companies, and captains had been commanding battalions, and they had shown themselves worthy of the higher rank which they had temporarily held. This edict was like a douche of cold water on the morale and on the spirits of all ranks. Indeed, it was more like a blow in the face. With the meanness always characteristic of a democratic form of government, our Congress had, in effect, said that the show was now over, and as the best efforts had already been obtained from all concerned, there was no use rewarding anyone for what had been done; that it was all on a cash basis anyway; that everyone had been paid up to date and would be paid as long as it was absolutely necessary, but that the views of constituents at home in regard to further war expenses, and future political careers, were now the controlling factors. As a matter of fact, the total additional expense that would have been involved by even wholesale promotions in France, made immediately, would have been relatively small, and it would have been money well spent, looking at it only from that rather sordid standpoint. The immediate recognition of merit would have infused into men, worn out physically and mentally, who had been giving all that they had in them, a new gratitude and pride, a new patriotism, a new ardour and zeal. As it was, they felt, exhausted as they were, that the people at home did not care; that they had been "let down"; defrauded of something which should have been theirs. It was the way this official action made men feel about our country and our Government that did incalculable harm, when it would have been so easy to have produced such an entirely different effect. Promotion was resumed in the American Expeditionary Forces several months later, towards the end of the winter, and many men came into their own; but it was too late then, and the real opportunity which our Government had had, was lost.

I was amazed, in those days, to see how profoundly affected many officers were by this drastic edict. I suppose, in many cases, it was because they had nothing by which to measure for themselves the real quality of their performance except the degree of the outer recognition. But, even with the War over, there was no time to dwell for very long on all this; there was too much to be done, and it was just a case of "being out of luck", as the Army has it. Activity

was concentrated on withdrawing the divisions from the former front lines, and in starting them on their way, some to the Rhine, where they became part of the Third American Army, our Army of Occupation, others to the area adjacent to General Headquarters at Chaumont, where they settled down in billets to wait until there was ocean transport available to take them home. At the end of two weeks, First Army Headquarters was ready to move back to Bar-sur-Aube, between Troyes and Chaumont, and to settle down for the winter, and on November 25th the Message Centre packed itself up in its own transportation, and started from Souilly to the rear, so as to be on the spot and functioning, by the time the rest of the Staff arrived. Major General McNair, who had been Chief of Artillery of the First Army, was left in command of the old First Army area, to supervise the work of tidying-up and of salvage. But once the activity of the move was over, and once we had settled ourselves in billets at Bar-sur-Aube, life was dreary in the extreme. It rained all the time; the Aube overflowed its banks and spread over the adjoining fields; the dampness pervaded everything with a chill that cut like a knife. Occasionally, a watery looking sun would come out for an hour or two, take a look at the dismal scene, only to disappear again, and then it would rain some more. I sloshed about in mud and water, in a sort of treadmill, going from billet to mess, to Headquarters and back again, over the same route, lingering where there was a stove or some other form of warmth. Everyone at Headquarters wrote up the history of the War in so far as their respective departments of the Staff were concerned. This was a monumental work for the Operations and Intelligence Sections and for the Chief of Staff's office, but it did not take me personally very long, as there was not a great deal of ground to cover, and after that there was literally nothing at all for me to do. Upon two occasions I was sent back to Souilly by General Drum as his personal representative, to inquire into certain aspects of the work of salvage and of policing the old First Army Sector which were unsatisfactory. I was received by General McNair at his mess, and conducted my inquiries, and made my suggestions and my report, with such tact as I could muster. These two trips were welcome breaks in the monotony, but they only accounted for a few days. The routine work of the Message Centre was now so light that I left one of the juniors in charge as a rule, and only spent three or four hours a day in my office. Influenza, of varying degrees of severity, induced by the constant rain and dampness, gave most of us something to think about for a while. I remember that on the night before my final departure from Bar-sur-Aube, I dined with General Liggett's Aide in the very superior house in which they were billeted. Waited on by two "strikers" and fed by the General's cook, we had the place to ourselves, for, upstairs, General Liggett and General Drum were both in bed with the 'flu. My pleasant relations with the General's Aide had been resumed; he confided to me that he felt suffocated at times by the constant atmosphere of high rank in which he had to live, although he was now a Lieutenant-Colonel himself. Often, when the weather permitted, we would take walks together in the evening. It was the thought of the approach of Christmas which made

me resolve to get away at all costs from my watery surroundings, even if only for a few days, and I applied for a week's leave in Paris.

Leave for Paris was not easy to secure; one had to have a good reason for wanting to go there. Knowing this, I thought that I would make assurance doubly sure by having several. In my application I stated that I must have my eyes examined and my glasses changed; that I must see one of my family who was on the Staff of the Chief of Air Service in Paris, in order to discuss with him some matters of importance; that another relative was with the Peace Conference, and that I must talk over some more family affairs with him. Assistant Secretary of War Stettinius had suddenly appeared in my office at Souilly one night on a visit to his son at the front, and had been so polite as to say that he hoped to see me later in Paris; I implied in my application for leave that the Assistant Secretary of War was simply marking time there until I arrived. I do not know which of these reasons did the trick. Certainly, the combination of them proved irresistible, for my application was returned, approved, and I went to Paris, where it was at least fifteen degrees warmer than in the provinces in spite of the constant rain, and where I spent a week in a servant's room at the top of one of the hotels, the very last accommodation, I think, that was available in the city. The Peace Conference was all over the place, but the underlings whom I saw did not know anything, and I could not get to any of the "higher-ups". I gave it up as a bad job, therefore, and spent the mornings visiting many of the churches, and the afternoons in driving about with a wounded friend who had been so fortunate as to secure a car for his private use (all motors, including many cars from Army units, had been commandeered for the Peace Conference, which, as can be seen, had already started to make trouble), and the evenings in dining with officer friends. Two events of that visit stand out in my memory. I dined one night at the apartment of a French Major General who had commanded an army corps; his wife was an American, who had been given the Legion of Honour for her war work. There were a number of people at dinner, both army and political, among them old Madame Waddington, whose *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife* I had read long before and enjoyed. I told her so, when I found myself next to her at table, and discovered that she had known some of my people in the older generations, and we, or rather I, had a perfectly delightful evening. Far advanced in years then, her mind was as keen and as accurate as ever. Her questions and her comments were acute and trenchant. She took part in all the table talk, both military and political, and I learned more from her in an hour of what was actually taking place at the Peace Conference than I should have discovered by hanging about Paris for a month. She was *au courant* with everything, and I left immensely stimulated, not only by the atmosphere which was so different from that in which I had recently been, but by contact with this remarkable old lady, so prodigal of her vitality although already infirm and frail.

I shall never forget the Christmas Service which I attended at the church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois. It was one of those things which can never be

forgotten. The church was thronged; it would have been impossible for another person to have entered; the crowds were massed in the aisles, and extended forward to the altar itself. The numbers were impressive, but it was the atmosphere, the feel of that great congregation, that clutched at the heart, that made one's breath come short. Black, of course, predominated; there were few, if any, there who had not lost those who were near and dear. But the War was over, the enemy at their gates had been driven back after long years, France had been saved. Nothing else mattered. They had come there, in a spirit of utter thankfulness, to give thanks, to adore. All else was forgotten, or, if it was not forgotten, they had come to give thanks that personal sorrow and sacrifice and loss had been possible, that they had thus been able to give. Devout, with a reverence and a consecration that could be felt, they took their part in the service and in the responses. It was when the choir began the "Venite, Adoremus", that the climax came. A wave of feeling swept over that vast throng that brought one to one's knees. Everyone sang. Some standing, heads thrown back, faces illumined; others, kneeling and bowed, prostrate in utter humility; but all sang. Tears were running down the faces of men and women; they wept openly and unashamed. They were tears of joy, oblations. As that swelling volume of sound rose and fell, one could sense, as it were, all of the elements of which it was composed, one could almost catch the notes of individual heart-break; of unendurable longing for those who were gone; of inexpressible regret that they, too, could not, as they would have wished, give thanks there for the preservation of all that they had died to save. But the individual note was blended, was drowned, in the universal *motif* of thanksgiving, in a spirit of adoration such as must animate the choirs of angels when they sing in the Presence. As verse succeeded verse, a new note was struck, struck again and again, and finally held, until it became the predominant tone in the symphony. A note of courage and of hope, of supreme confidence for the future, based upon certain assurance. They *knew*, those people, carried out of themselves, looking down, momentarily, from the heights. It was as if those high in the spiritual hierarchy, drawn to Reality, present in person because Reality was there, had in their divine compassion infused into adoring hearts this new hope, this fresh courage, until it sounded forth. Sacrifice and heart-break and sorrow had been transmuted and changed. All things had become new, by virtue of that wave of selfless adoration, of instinctive thanksgiving. The deathless Spirit of France was looking forward again. The former things had passed away.

I returned to Bar-sur-Aube on December 30th. On that same day, as I was to learn two days later from a cablegram which I received late in the night, Mr. Griscom had died. I could hardly believe that it was possible. I had not, of course, even known that he was ill. I sat up most of the rest of that night, thinking things out. I knew that I must get home, and at once. It was not that anyone, least of all any of the younger ones, could take his place. But I knew what a great gap his going would leave, that it would be necessary to close ranks, and I hoped that, perhaps, if I were on the spot, I might be

allowed to assist in assuming some of the minor burdens which the older ones in the Movement were carrying, so that they could to that extent be free to carry on those phases of the work to which Mr. Griscom had devoted himself. His death seemed to me, without any doubt, to be a sign that the work which I had come to France in the hope of doing, was over. From the military point of view, it *was* clearly over. There would be no more fighting. Later on, if I remained in France, it was likely that new work might be found for me, perhaps similar to my two return visits to Souilly, when I had represented the General on special missions of inquiry; possibly there would be in this new work opportunity for personal advancement. But all that was of no importance whatever now; anyone could do that sort of thing acceptably; the real work, the real duties, were done. It became a question as to how I could arrange an early departure for home.

Fortunately, I had developed a minor physical ailment, which I thought might profitably be exaggerated. This meant assuming the status of an invalid, and I did not feel in the least like one, but it was as good a way as any to get home, I thought, and I decided to try it. Success appeared doubtful for some time, as I became thoroughly entangled in the red tape of the Medical Corps. Finally it was decided that my medical status would depend upon what an authority at the Base Hospital at Chaumont thought. He turned out to be a doctor from New York, an attendant at one of the large hospitals there, who knew some members of my family; and, without relaxing any of the Army medical etiquette, he assured me that I could count upon his getting me past the examining Board of Officers and upon my being marked for home. I took nothing for granted in the Army any more. I moved over to the Hospital at Chaumont, but I arranged with the Adjutant General First Army that I should not be dropped from the Roster at Headquarters until I had telephoned him from Chaumont that I had been safely passed. I spent several pleasant days at that Hospital, suffering no inconvenience whatever, paying calls on officers whom I knew at General Headquarters, and taking my meals at the officers' mess. Finally, my specialist was as good as his word, and I was ticketed to be returned to the United States as physically disabled, which made me want to laugh. It took some time, however, to get home. It was several days before the hospital train went out, on which I must travel, whether I liked it or not. I felt that I was there under false pretences, among all the seriously wounded on that train. There were men on board whose legs had recently been amputated, the stumps of which were still so painful that they could not bear the touch of a blanket; they could not feed themselves, and the medical attendance was inadequate, so I joined hands with several other officers, all "walking cases", and we passed food around at meal hours, and held tins of fluids to their lips while they drank. It took thirty-six hours for that hospital train to reach Nantes, a distance of about two hundred miles, I think, during which time the sick men were without proper medical care; fortunately, no one died en route. I spent two weeks at an Officers' Hospital at Nantes, which was run with such negligence and inefficiency, by one of the Regular Army

Medical Corps, that a Lieutenant-Colonel, with whom I had made friends en route, and I, seriously discussed the advisability of preferring charges against the Commanding Officer and of remaining in France for the Court Martial; we finally relinquished the idea as being impracticable. Nantes was a pleasant town, with an opera and a good picture gallery, but its resources were exhausted long before the two weeks were up. Another week was spent in a Hospital at St. Nazaire, where there was nothing whatever to do. Finally, on January 31st, 1919, I embarked on the SS. "Finland", which had been converted into a hospital ship, and was full of sick and wounded, and, after a rough and stormy passage,—I arrived safely in New York on the 14th of the following month.

. . . . . .

At the end of the third week in October, 1918, Marshal Foch had drawn up a special instruction for the General Commanding the American Army and for the General Commanding the Centre Group of French Armies, with the object of assuring close co-operation between the American First Army and the French Fourth Army in their joint offensive, and particularly in that last phase, that final drive which had as an objective, unblocking the line of the Aisne from the east. The enemy had for long been on the defensive, he showed signs of giving way, his retreat was in sight. It seemed to Marshal Foch that, in the circumstances, the preliminary plans "indicated a return to the method of attack which consisted in marking beforehand on the map successive lines to be reached, and betrayed an exaggerated solicitude in the matter of alignment". Accordingly, the following directive was issued:

> Important results such as we are pursuing in the present stage of the war, when we are confronted by an enemy whose exhaustion increases every day, can only be achieved by progress as rapid and as deep as possible.
>
> Troops launched into an attack need not think of anything except *the direction of their attack*. In that direction they must go as far as they can, attacking and manœuvring against the resisting enemy with no pre-occupation as to alignment,—units which have got the farthest forward working for the advantage of those temporarily delayed. They must operate, not against lines indicated *a priori* and suggested by the nature of the ground, but against the enemy; and once they have seized him they must never let go their grip.

The strategy and the tactics of the inner spiritual warfare are not for the beginner; they are not for him who stands at the very commencement of the Way. For him, it is a case of first proving himself in single hand-to-hand conflict with individual faults and sins and weaknesses. He must first withstand counter-attack after counter-attack; he must be tempered and tested and tried, until he can control the elements of his lower nature, until he has his higher forces—partially developed, partially trained, it may be—under his command. Not until he has met successfully test after test of this nature; not until he is able, in some measure at least, consciously to direct those higher forces, can he avail himself of the strategy and the tactics of the inner life. He cannot do this while still defending himself from an attacking inner enemy, who can choose the point of his attack. He can only do so when that inner

enemy is on the defensive, when he shows signs of giving way, when his retreat is imminent. This much accomplished, he can marshal his inner forces, as a general moves his divisions in battle, deliberately choosing, not the ground upon which he will stand on the defensive, but the point at which he will himself attack, and how he will do it. Then, and then only, does the parallel between the inner spiritual warfare and the outer conduct of modern war become clear to him, and, translating from one set of terms to the other, he seeks skilled direction, he seeks those facts which have been proven in actual outer experience, by those who speak with authority, that he may apply them within.

We have been told that, because Marshal Foch really dealt with principles, expressed in terms of force instead of in terms of consciousness; because he had thought deeply; because he was profoundly religious, his writings may easily be paraphrased as a treatise on the spiritual combat. In terms of that inner warfare, what exactly is the hidden meaning for us in the extract above from a purely military directive? He is telling us, I think, that we must stop appraising and measuring our inner progress; that we must cease being satisfied with the attainment of a minor inner objective which we have laid out for ourselves in advance. He is saying that there is no such thing as finality in inner growth, that there is no limit whatsoever to that to which we may attain in inner ways, or to that to which we should aspire. He is pointing out that, as inner effort continues and is pressed, latent weaknesses of character—the things which we still have to "mop-up", to overcome—grow less strong daily; that, when the growing exhaustion of our inner enemy becomes apparent, we must press forward in attack—always the attack!—giving no consideration whatever to anything save to the attack itself. We must not be concerned with our weaknesses, with our known faults; we must not be afraid that they will impede our progress or hold us back. We must utilize our tried qualities in attack and in manœuvre, forcing their further growth and development to the fullest possible extent, in the realization that they, farthest advanced as they are, will work always to the advantage of our most backward characteristics. We must know where we are going, where it is we want to go, and, once we know this, we must go as far as we can, where we can. If we will do this, never faltering, never wavering, never letting go, we may be sure that we shall find back of us, reinforcing us, the High Command.

This, I think, is what a master of outer warfare is telling us, in terms of the inner spiritual combat. We shall do well, I think, to apply it, always basing the action we take upon the fundamental qualities of the true soldier, of which the greatest, perhaps, is humility. It is humility which makes initial obedience possible. It is the habit of obedience, the instinctive recognition of higher authority, of the hierarchy, which, in turn, reinforces humility, and which leads to other things.

CENTURION.

(The End)

NOURISHMENT

TO avoid possible misconception, perhaps it is well to state now that this article does not recommend specialization, on the one hand, nor expansiveness, on the other; at least according to the connotation often given those words to-day. In discussing, recently, some of the more blatant bewilderments current in the world, two acquaintances, neither of whom is a student of Theosophy, made the following salient comments. One of them said, "There are too many specialists. A specialist is a man who knows more and more about less and less, and everything about nothing." The other acquaintance took the opposite view. He remarked, "How about the multifarious number of expansive ideas? The world literally is choked with them. They are tumbling over each other, in constant conflict and debate; some going so far as to take issue with God because God does not seem to agree with them." So, the subject matter of this article advocates neither of these two extremes: narrowing knowledge down to ascertain the diameter and the circumference of a pin head; nor reaching out broadside, as it were, to take hold of some idea which, momentarily, has popular appeal.

Instead, our theme is man's use of his whole nature wisely; that is, in accordance with the natural law of evolution; which is divine law. Our theme is transformation; exfoliation.

During a past winter, several meetings of the New York Branch were devoted to a discussion of man's power to receive and to use inspiration. It was pointed out that inspiration is a divine gift; yet man can help to prepare the way to receive this gift more abundantly. Also, it was shown that inspiration is dangerous. So is any divine gift, for it is a two-edged sword, cutting both ways. Nevertheless, man can take measures to lessen, if not entirely to eliminate, the danger of the misuse of that which comes from the spiritual world. Man is a creature of dual nature. He has a higher and a lower nature; a Higher Self and a lower self, with which latter he, now, for the most part, associates his centre of consciousness, his sense of *I am I*. The problem is for him to raise his centre of self-identification, inward and upward, so that it becomes conjoined, at one, with the Higher Self. That Self, in man, is the individualized vehicle of spirit, with the power, the capacity, to receive and to use divine gifts.

There is the goal; but, that man is far from any such state of perfection, is apparent from the general confusion rife in the world at present. Wherever one looks, are to be found false prophets crying, "lo here, lo there"; each with his own pet panacea offered as a cure-all. Among these, there are some who, in a sincere search for truth, have found a small fragment of it; and, because it has helped them, they have wrapped it around with creed and dogma, and, with the best of intention, offer the formula to others as the only sure way

out. With their motive one can have sympathy, even while recognizing a misuse of divine gifts. On the other hand, there are those who premeditatedly have concocted selfish schemes, dressed them in a cloak having mob appeal, and who deliberately use their schemes, either to place themselves in power, or to retain their power if they have it. Recently, in America, much has been heard about "the forgotten man", and thousands rallied to that phrase because of its appeal to the lower emotions. In reality, there is no such thing. Those who have the slightest familiarity with the Christian Bible should be able to recall the words of the Master Christ on this subject: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

It is man who has done the forgetting. He has forgotten his relationship with, and his indebtedness to, the Fatherhood, and so fails to see that without true recognition of the Fatherhood there can be no brotherhood.

The misuse of divine gifts by man is a national problem, a world problem, and a universal problem; for it has direct bearing on the ultimate salvation of mankind. Nevertheless, it resolves itself into an individual problem as expressed in the age-old maxim: "Man know thyself". To that problem this article addresses itself in terms of nourishment, as illustrated in the law of Cycles, the doctrine of correspondences, and the seven principles of man.

Western man takes himself too much for granted. The peoples of the East are not so inclined. By nature they are more contemplative, and are more disposed to ask, "Who am I; whence come; whither bound?"—and to seek the answer by retreating quietly within themselves. Westerners, on the other hand, are given to action rather than to contemplation, to regarding externals instead of looking beneath, or behind, the surface. Superficial action, springing from a wrong, or lower, centre, often results in producing a sense of superiority. Hence, we of the West have made the mistake of trying to occidentalize those of the East, ignorantly, perhaps arrogantly, assuming that our method is superior. Yet it would be as much of a mistake if Easterners tried to orientalize us; nor should we attempt to follow their system in its entirety, especially as it has become perverted in certain Eastern cults of to-day. Nevertheless, we can apply with profit the philosophy which lies behind the Eastern mode of life. That philosophy is based on the truths held and lived by the sages of old; truths which have survived the surface flux and flow of the centuries; the truths which Madame Blavatsky—the Lodge Messenger of the nineteenth century—revived for the Western world as Theosophy.

Theosophical philosophy shows that manifestation is not a continuous process; but is periodical, recurring, cyclic. At the beginning of a Manvantara, or Great Cycle of manifestation, lasting some trillions of years, Light, or Life, issues from the Source, the One, courses outward and downward from plane to plane, setting all in motion, vivifying, vitalizing, unifying; somewhat as we might imagine a giant electric spark infusing the entire universe. As the radiant energy descends, each plane is a projection, or reflection, of the plane next above; Light, or Life, diversifying more and more, until, on our plane,

it manifests in heterogeneous ways and forms that it, the incomprehensible, may become comprehensible to our finite minds. Hence, it is said of a Great Cycle of manifestation, that the fructifying and energizing genius proceeds from Unity, through diversity, and back to Unity; for, when the descending impulse has spent itself, the life current turns inward and upward and starts its ascent back toward the One, the Source. As the indrawal proceeds, the reverse of the outward movement occurs, for, now, each plane is nourished by the plane next below; that nourishment—the fruit of experience gained during manifestation—ultimately being carried up to enrich the Source.

The doctrine of correspondences shows the same process taking place in nature, in the way in which the mineral kingdom nourishes the vegetable, and the vegetable, in turn, the animal and the animal man. The seed, and, later, the roots of the plant, draw nourishment from the minerals in the earth. When the plant has reached its ripeness, it is used to nourish the kingdom next above, the animal. This is a perfectly natural process in nature, a normal function of life; so normal, in fact, that we hardly think of the sacrificial aspect of it. Should it not be just as natural, as normal, for man to sacrifice the lower within himself that the higher may be nourished; the lower self in favour of the Higher Self? Yet, man hesitates at taking the step; he shrinks from it as though it were suicidal. He sees it as loss through sacrifice, instead of as gain by transformation, exfoliation. He remains smug in his wrong self-identification.

It is not that nourishment ceases to come from above, any more than the sun stops nourishing the plant; but man must cease to pervert it to his own selfish uses. All nourishment originally came from above, and it is with that which he has perverted that man must gain his immortality. As the plant grows, it meets, and, in its way, uses, at a higher level, the rays coming to it from the sun. Likewise, man, turning inward and upward the force he has misused, can receive and use divine gifts at a higher level of consciousness. Not only that, but there are tides in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, lead on to "fortune". Within the Manvantara there are many lesser cycles, one of which is the one hundred year or century cycle. At present, we are passing through the indrawal phase of this cycle. It is a period particularly pertinent to the thesis of this article; a time when man, by drawing inward and upward the force he has perverted, can put himself *en rapport* with the present cyclic current.

Western theologians point to no such road to immortality. Having dwarfed and perverted the teaching of the Master Christ, and failed to discern the resemblance between it and the teaching of the Buddha, they would have man believe that an anthropomorphic God in some way confers immortality, after one brief, and, usually, haphazard, existence on earth. The philosophy of the Eastern mode of life, on the other hand, shows that everything in nature, including man, must use effort to survive, and not at haphazard, but an effort that is pointed and purposeful; shows, moreover, that individual immortality is for him who gains it through his own courageous work and aspiration, sustained during a series of incarnations, and not just for one short corporeal

span. This philosophy emphasizes the necessity of transferring the centre of consciousness from the transient personality to the enduring individuality, if we would gain immortality. To help towards an understanding of the way in which this transfer may be effected, it shows man, as well as the Universe and all in it, to be sevenfold: man as a creature of seven principles.

A brief consideration of three of these principles will be sufficient to indicate the method of the transfer in question. To use the English equivalents of the Sanskrit names, these three principles are: at the upper pole of man's nature, Divine Will, pure and eternal; at the lower pole, its perversion, personal desire, essentially selfish and transitory; and, oscillating between the two, Mind or Self-consciousness—the sense of *I am I*. The transfer is made by drawing inward and upward the force that is now behind personal desire, starving personal desire, as such, and using the force, thus turned, to nourish Divine Will. As this force, originally divine but perverted by man, is raised, Mind or Self-consciousness is carried inward and upward, from level to level, as it were, until, ultimately, it is transferred from the selfish and transitory personal desire, to the pure and eternal Divine Will. Thus the sense of *I am I* becomes conjoined with the immortal element in man.

To accomplish this, meditation and, its advanced step, contemplation, are necessary. Meditation, however necessary, is but part of the process. There must be accompanying action. In this regard, Western man has a precious heritage in that he is a creature of action, once his acts spring from, and are controlled by, a centre which is one-pointed and high-pointed; once his sense of *I am I* has been raised to a level where the feeling of superiority has given way to the quality of humility. The doctrine must be lived, acted out in daily life; the impulse of the meditation put into practice, so that each successive meditation is enriched by the fruits of experience. The transfer of self-identification from the lower to the Higher Self is a definitely practical matter, involving man's seemingly trivial and mundane, yet infinitely important, every thought and act. Why does he cross the street? Why does he eat corned beef and cabbage? Why does he keep a certain book on the table beside his favourite chair? As in the Great Life Cycle, spirit descends into matter, manifests in the particular, and carries the nourishment of the experience thus gained, from plane to plane, back to enrich the Source; so man, no matter how obscure his place in the world may appear to be, by his every thought and act, not only can nourish the god within himself, but, so doing, can benefit his nation and the race: more than that, he can help to bring forward the ultimate salvation of the whole of mankind.

In the revolution of the Manvantaric Cycle, and in the evolution of the soul, the Universal translates itself in the particular, and the particular assumes universal significance.

G.M.W.K.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE promise to speak on the subject of what happens after death was beginning to worry one of our number. As soon as we assembled he said so, determined to pick the brains of his friends, whose suggestions he was prepared to adopt or reject with entire impartiality. He would in any case make them work for him; they would liberate some energy, perhaps including his own. His name, for the Recorder's immediate purpose, may as well be Smith.

Said Smith: "How shall I begin? With a lot of quotations from Madame Blavatsky and Judge?"

"No!", the Philosopher exclaimed. "Do not rely on authority; begin with a brief statement of the problem, followed by an equally brief statement of the solutions which the public is offered, on the one hand by materialism, on the other, by orthodox religion, and show that both are unsatisfactory."

Smith laughed. "Orthodox religion! Do you mean the Hell, Purgatory, Heaven of the Roman Catholics, or the 'Hope for the Best' of the Protestants?"

"Mention both", the Philosopher replied, undaunted.

"What next?"

"After showing that the Protestant solution is hopelessly inadequate, and that the R. C. solution is cut-and-dried, and that it excludes the large majority of the human race, go on to ——."

"Excuse me: but whom does the R. C. doctrine exclude?"

"Everyone except themselves and a few Protestants whom they smuggle into Purgatory by pretending that they would have been Catholics except for 'invincible ignorance'. They make no provision for a good Pagan; they deprive the Indian of his 'happy hunting ground'; they would leave Buddha, Shankara, and the great adepts and saints of other religions, past and present, shivering in the cold, not fit for Hell as they have to admit, and, in their eyes, equally unfit for Heaven, while Purgatory is impossible because only those who desire Christian salvation can go there."

"Please continue."

"Go on, as I was saying, by presenting the theosophical solution, basing this upon what we know of universal laws of growth."

"Why don't you give my talk?" asked Smith.

"I shall before we get through", the Philosopher answered cheerfully.

"No such luck", said Smith; "but what of these universal laws of growth? Why start there?"

"On the principle of working from the known to the unknown, and because 'Man is the mirror of the Universe'."

"I never knew anything quite so pat", said Smith. "You must have been giving this talk all your life."

"No", said the Philosopher, "but you are forcing me to take the trouble to think."

"Sorry", said Smith; "but please keep it up. What comes next?"

"Really", said the Philosopher, "that ought to be obvious."

"I wish it were. It's not."

"After explaining very briefly—for you must not exceed your thirty minutes —the law of alternating periods of expansion and contraction, of exfoliation and indrawal, and using sleeping and waking, summer and winter, and the life-cycle of a bulb or a tree to illustrate this, you should point out how useless it is to speculate about man's condition or nature after death, until we have solved the problem of his nature or constitution while alive on earth. For example, if man were merely a body; if, as Büchner said, the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile, death would be the end of consciousness and there would be no future life. Instead, what we now are, we shall be,—minus only the physical body, and the grosser elements of the astral or etheric body."

"I think that would be misleading, or in any case that it begs the question, which is: how much of our present consciousness will be left behind when the body dies? In other words, what, if any, will be the difference between the state of consciousness which we enter, and the state we leave behind us when we die? People want to know: Shall I be the same person?"

"The two questions are not the same, for the same person is in many different states of consciousness during every day and night of his life. However, the state of consciousness which we first enter when we die, must necessarily be the result of our state at the time of death. Thus, if a man dies in great discomfort or pain, his first reaction on the other side would be one of immense relief: the physical pain would have ceased. If he were killed instantly in battle, and the whole force of his nature had been concentrated on what he was doing, he would at first continue doing it,—except in those rare cases when a man has acquired sufficient detachment to see himself as the spectator of his own actions, and to keep in touch, while fighting, with his Master and the spiritual world. In that case he would know instantly that he had been killed, and would find himself with his Master, in Paradise. By some means or other you will have to make it clear to your audience that our *first* state of consciousness after death is the result of our dominant thought and feeling when we die, and then of our habitual thinking and feeling."

"Easier said than done", commented Smith.

"Quite easy", was the reply, "if you will explain that death is like waking from a nightmare: in some cases the awakening is immediate and complete; in others, the impression of the nightmare persists for an appreciable time. In view of the usual approach to these things, even among students of Theosophy —that what happens to one, happens to all—it is of great importance to show that in death as in life, no two persons have the same experience. You must rub this in: a thunder-storm will terrify one person and exhilarate another; that what is a temptation for some men will repel and disgust others of different

character. Character is the determining factor, there as here; so even the first reaction to death varies enormously as between different individuals."

"At this rate", said Smith, "I shall need two hours instead of thirty minutes."

"You can't have two hours. If you had them you would cause death, instead of explaining it."

"Thank you", said Smith, beaming. "That possibility was beginning to worry me. Now for what corresponds to the 'Day of Judgment',—I mean that summation of a man's deeds and experience, as seen by his higher self, which some have remembered when resuscitated from drowning."

"You can't cover everything", vouchsafed the Philosopher, as a concession, perhaps, to Smith's limitations; "you might leave that to be brought up by some questioner."

"And if it should be brought up?"

"My answer would be that the summation of a man's life, and of the lesson to be drawn from it, ought to take place before death, and does when he has acquired the habit of self-examination and of regular review of his days and years. In other cases it happens when life has left all parts of the body except certain centres in the brain, and in yet other cases, such as sudden death by accident, it happens as soon as a man wakes up to the realization that he *is* dead. But, once more, if people want a cut-and-dried programme of this infinitely varying process which is known as Death, no true student of Theosophy will attempt to supply it. From beginning to end, death varies as much as life varies. How can it be otherwise! Suppose someone were to ask: 'What happens when you are born into this world?'

"But there are certain fundamentals you will have to cover, even if you omit all else. First, you must make it clear that Time, as we know it, is a concept derived solely from the limitations of our physical senses. You must remind your audience of what all of them should know from their experience of dreams, —that in three minutes or less of waking time, we can dream of events which seem to last for years, while, on the other hand, if a man be waked at six and at once goes to sleep again, to be waked again an hour later, he may be ready to swear that he had shut his eyes for less than a second. Time is an illusion. States of consciousness which, as it were, incorporate a sense of time, are still 'earth-bound', that is to say, are still controlled to a great extent by the residue of earthly experience, or, in the case of an Adept, are deliberately accepted as part of his sacrifice. People always want to know: How soon shall I reincarnate? H.P.B., pushed to the wall by the persistence of this question, answered that the average interval between lives on earth, for the average of the human race, is about fifteen hundred years; but apart from many well-known cases of reincarnation within a very few months or years after death, the soul that returns quickly may feel as if he had been away for ages, while one who exceeds the average may feel like the man who has just shut his eyes, only to be wakened again.

"Another fundamental truth you will have to emphasize is that 'We find what we bring',—when we die, just as while we are on earth: for that is a law

of consciousness. If an old peasant, a prize-fighter, an artist, go through an art gallery, each of them finds what he brings, and cannot see more than his nature, his past experience, his education, and his spiritual perception (if any), make possible. Another aspect of the same law is that we find what we seek, for our desire, often mixed, expresses what we are; but it may take time to find what we seek, while we find what we bring, instantly."

"Explain yourself", said Smith. "I do not want to make my audience dizzy."

"Why not?" was the reply. "If you explain everything, you will give them nothing to think about."

"You leave that to me", said Smith. "It is in any case your business for the moment not to make *me* dizzy. Explain yourself."

"Really you ought to supply something", the Philosopher protested. "However: *ex nihilo nihil fit*. I was of course referring to expectation, which is part of what we bring, but often is different from what we desire. H.P.B. is reported to have said that when Bradlaugh, the avowed materialist and atheist, died expecting the annihilation of consciousness, his expectation would control, and that, until he reincarnated, he would remain in a state of stupefaction or lethargic sleep. But his was an extreme case, and, properly to understand what happens, we must again turn to our own experience. You meet someone, expecting to dislike him intensely, having been told by your friends that he is conceited, arrogant, insufferable; and you do dislike him, until slowly it dawns upon you that he is not what he seems to be, and that his bad manners are a deplorable artifice to conceal his lack of self-confidence and his timidity. His vanity, you discover, is of the negative, not of the positive type,—and thereafter pity, and a sort of sympathy, take the place of your earlier dislike. The same thing is true of places: you may have been prejudiced against them, only to find that first-hand acquaintance reveals them as most attractive. Expectation governs at first; it is part of what we bring to the encounter of any situation; but if there be stronger elements at work, these soon gain the ascendancy, and we begin to find what we seek,—what we really desire.

"Incidentally, expectation in its creative aspect, is a very interesting subject. Without expectation, faith is a mere figure of speech. You might enlarge on this if you have time."

"Time!" exclaimed Smith. "First you annihilate it, then you fill it to the bursting point, and now expect me to have some of it to spare. Time! The last of it disappeared several paragraphs ago."

"To return to our muttons", said the Philosopher blandly; "if a man dies, either fearing or desiring a life hereafter, but not expecting it, he will find what he brings, and, like Bradlaugh, may at first pass into unconsciousness; but in most cases this will not last: his desire, whether for good or evil, will wake him,—and then he will find what he seeks. In other words, he may go to Hell, or he may go to some kind of Heaven."

This was too much for one of our visitors. "Hell!" he said; "you don't mean to say that you people believe in hell!"

"I never met anyone", replied the Philosopher, "who did not believe in hell

on earth; and if in the body, why not out of the body? Hell on earth is a state of consciousness, is it not? We speak of a man as in hell because he is consumed with envy, hatred, malice, or some other devilish feeling. Why should this cease at death? Are you assuming that because a man sheds his physical body he suddenly becomes a saint, or that he leaves his dominant desires and obsessions behind him? Once more let us examine our experience. If a man who is possessed by some feeling of resentment, goes to sleep praying with all his heart to be delivered from it, there is every likelihood that he will wake up in the morning, morally cleansed at that point. He has escaped from his hell. But if, as so often happens, instead of hating the evil that is in him, and praying for deliverance, he clings to it, and goes to sleep justifying and fostering it, he must inevitably wake up in the same if not in a worse condition. You must surely have known someone who lived on his grievances—whether real or imaginary makes no difference—and who brooded on them incessantly, cursing his fate, and imagining, perhaps, with what eloquence he will accuse his enemies 'before the judgment seat of God'. He was in hell if ever a man was, and, when he dies, will naturally remain in the same state of consciousness until he reincarnates. He will then bring his sense of grievance with him, instinctively seeking those whom formerly he regarded as his enemies, and also seeking to revenge himself on society in general, possibly as an anarchist, more likely, as things now are, as a communist."

"But *where* is this place, with its burning pit and devils with barbed tridents?"

"Nowhere", was the reply. "In the first place, your suggested furnishings are not in line with modern *expectation*. In the second place, have you ever had a nightmare, asleep perhaps in New York or London, but dreaming that you were tottering on the very edge of a precipice, with a wild torrent in the gorge below you, drawing you down, down, down? Where was that 'place'? You know that in terms of waking consciousness it was not a place, though, in the world of dream, it was as vividly real as any experience of earth."

"Do you mean that life hereafter is just a dream?"

"Begin, if you will, by deciding to what extent our present existence is real, and to what extent it is made up of fancies,—some painful, as when we dread the future, some agreeable, as when a girl thinks she is marrying a hero or a millionaire who is actually nothing of the kind. Then try to realize that some people are closer to reality than others, depending upon the stage of evolution, that is, the degree of spiritual perception they have attained. Discrimination between the real and the unreal is, as Shankara said, the first step on the path of attainment."

"But what has that got to do with life after death?"

"Everything; because if we seek reality here, we shall find it there, while those who now cling to their fancies, to their illusions—illusions about themselves, or about the source of happiness—will carry their dreams with them."

"Reality", said our visitor, "strikes me as out in the cold, and lonely."

We laughed; but the Philosopher by this time was too busy to laugh. "Would you feel that way about it", he asked, "if beauty as we know it here, were merely

the shadow cast by the transcendent beauty of things in the real world? If reality meant the perfection of all that you, in your better moments, truly love and desire?"

"I suppose not", our visitor replied; "but I should like to think it over." He seemed uneasy. "What are these illusions you were talking about?"

"Their name is Legion", the Philosopher answered. "Even the wise man, who knows them for what they are, has to fight them, in some form or other, to his dying day. There is the illusion of Time, of which I have already spoken, —if only he had more time! There is the illusion of results, of judging his past efforts by visible results. But we need not worry about *his* illusions. Our concern is with our own. We have outgrown, let us hope, the idea that a plentiful supply of 'wine, women, and song' would insure our happiness, or that unlimited opportunity for playing golf or bridge or even for reading, would content us. But have we rid ourselves of other illusions,—do we still desire popular acclaim, or exalted position? Do we think that money alone, or ample leisure, or bodily health, or any other of the world's 'good things', would make us happy? Finally (for this afternoon!) do we attribute our failures to 'bad luck', or to the enmity or stupidity of others, and do we imagine that we love when actually, though unconsciously, we are self-seeking and selfish? All these and innumerable other illusions, depending upon the hold they have on us, will tend to create the character of our life hereafter, because, once more, we find what we bring: our present life, made up, as it is, of states of consciousness, will be continued 'in our next', except for those states which are entirely physical in origin,—and it would be a great mistake to suppose that 'the lusts of the flesh' are necessarily left behind, seeing that, in so many cases, they are the off-spring of a diseased imagination and inhere in the psychic nature."

"But they cannot be satisfied apart from the body!"

"Exactly; that is why one definition of hell is,—a state of burning, unsatisfied, evil desire."

Smith by this time was restless. "All very interesting no doubt, but you are forgetting my talk; the thread of it is in such a tangle that——."

"In that case the sooner you untangle it the better", the Philosopher interrupted; "that is, unless you prefer to leave it to your audience to do so for you."

"Not a bad idea", said Smith. "After all, an audience ought to do something besides listen. You suggest, as I understand you, that a certain amount of muddle stimulates thought."

"I am suggesting nothing of the kind. You should be crystal clear."

"That is just what I want to be", said Smith. "Please proceed. Where did you leave off?—with me, I mean."

"I did not leave off with you. Our visitor asked about hell, partly on your behalf, because voicing a question any audience would ask."

"But in that case you left me with no reply to other questions, inevitably resulting from what you said. Is hell everlasting? If not, how can you get out of it?—and so forth."

"How *can* hell be everlasting? Nothing is everlasting which involves separa-

tion from divine unity. The Greek word means æon-ian, or age-long. It has been mistranslated,—although to anyone in that state of consciousness it may seem everlasting. How escape from it? Dante explained that: by reversing the polarity of desire. How absurd you are! How many times in your life have you said to yourself,—this is hell! Examine your own experience."

"No", said Smith. "I am here as a questioner, and while that involves some thought, and no little worry in this case, it is part of the understanding that you are to do the bulk of the thinking for me. Please proceed. Examine your own experience. How did *you* escape?"

"No", said the Philosopher in his turn; "but I will tell you how you did: sometimes by realizing, at last, that the torment was of your own creation; that you alone were responsible both for its origin and continuance. Then, by effort of will, you forced yourself to pray that you might see things truly, and when that prayer was answered, as it always is, you prayed for forgiveness,—and escaped. In that case you entered temporarily a sort of heaven-world (still speaking in terms of states of consciousness). More often, however, instead of fighting to escape, your emotional and mental obsession merely wore itself out, in which case, instead of entering a higher state, you just drifted back into your less insane, but very ordinary selfhood."

"Thanks awfully", said Smith. "What next?"

"Make it clear, even if you have to repeat yourself, that none of this is new doctrine, but is simply the less exoteric explanation of the teaching of Christ and of all the Avatars. When Christ said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions', and when he told the story of the rich man, and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom,—he revealed in a few marvellous sentences, the substance of all that Theosophy has to say on the subject of what happens after death. Theosophy, as the common source of all the great religions, explains and elaborates the symbolism and parables which the Avatars employed when they addressed 'them that are without'. And how few, even to this day—even among the clergy—see and rejoice in the significance of those words: 'I go to prepare a place for you'. Truly, heavenly death is also well provided for!"

"What next?" asked Smith.

The Philosopher laughed. "Don't be absurd", he said. "In one breath you complain that I have filled your thirty minutes to bursting point; in the next, ask for more. Is the thread still in a tangle?"

Smith stared into the fire; then, ruminatively: "The newspapers recently announced that there had been a bad earthquake in Poland, particularly in Plszkhowski. Someone asked what was the name of the town before the earthquake. I feel rather like that too."

"Cheer up!" was the reply. "You'll feel better when you set your own brains to work. What is that about 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'? So far as I am concerned, it is The End."

"What comes next?" the Recorder now asked, turning from one to another of his contributors. "Have you anything on your mind?"

"A protest", the Student volunteered. "The American Museum of Natural

History in New York is supported, in large measure, out of city funds,—that is, by those who pay municipal taxes. To this, there can be no possible objection; but I do object when an institution of that kind assumes the function of public educator, especially when the instruction it fathers is not only grossly materialistic, but when it proclaims surmises, and the speculations of a sect of scientists, as unquestionable facts. On the cover-page of the March issue of *Natural History*, which is the official magazine of the Museum, there is a picture of a rat-like animal with a tuft at the end of its tail. Beneath this is the description: 'Your Rat-Like Ancestor'. An article in the same issue tells you all about him, and supplies a pictorial genealogical tree showing the same creature as the common ancestor of monkeys, orang-outangs, gorillas, chimpanzees,—and men. The creature is known as *Ptilocercus*. The article states: 'At the foot of the ladder leading up through monkeys and apes to man, this first ancestor of ours, however reluctant we may be to admit it, looks much like a rat.' The article itself will be read by very few. The trouble is that it repeats the lesson inculcated throughout the Museum, and especially, of course, in its biological departments, where the exhibits are designed to demonstrate the animal descent of man. Troops of children from the Public Schools of the city—schools in which the teaching of religion in any form is prohibited—are marched through the Museum that they may be impressed by pictures, or the stuffed forms, of their alleged ancestors, and may thus be imbued with the doctrine that they themselves are merely little animals.

"This is a monstrous misuse of taxpayers' money; it is deliberately anti-religious, only one degree removed from the exhibits in Soviet Russia, the avowed purpose of which is to bring religion into contempt by ridicule and 'demonstration'; and it is inherently dishonest and unscientific, seeing that there is no proof whatever that the theories advanced as facts are true, while all the evidence tending to disprove those theories is carefully suppressed.

"Those who are responsible for this sort of subversive propaganda have doubtless persuaded themselves that their motive is above suspicion,—the enlightenment of the human race; but the truth is that there are hidden motives in a great many cases, sometimes known though not acknowledged; sometimes subconscious. The dictum of Karl Marx, the prophet of Socialism, that 'Religion is the opiate of the People', accounts for much of what is being done to undermine religion surreptitiously, as a preliminary to the establishment, by force if necessary, of the Socialist State. 'Parlor pinks', though they would prefer to avoid the use of force, share the same dreams as those of the red variety.

"The motive which actuates others, sometimes subconsciously, is the desire to justify their own conduct, and to lead their acquaintances into the same habit of giving free rein to their rat-like and other animal propensities. 'We are only one stage removed from apes', they say; 'therefore what is natural and right for apes, cannot be wrong for us: all this talk-about the moral law is superstition, from which it is our duty to escape. Do what you feel like doing; express yourself and your "natural urge",—and you can't go wrong.' I repeat: such

efforts to justify self-indulgence, account for much of this animal-descent propaganda.

"For all of which reasons, and because the teaching in itself is false in premise as in conclusion,—I protest against the use of museums supported by public funds, not only in New York but throughout the country,—I protest against their use for purposes which at best are sectarian, and which, in their results, cannot fail to be demoralizing."

"I second the motion", said the Engineer, "but with this addendum: that whenever *Ptilocercus* or some other Lemuroid is displayed in Museums as the ancestor of man, the notice shall in no circumstances read, 'Your Rat-like Ancestor', but 'My Rat-like Ancestor', and that this shall be signed by the Curator who is responsible for the exhibit. After all, as opinions not facts are at issue, the way to settle things amicably is to agree with our adversaries quickly that they *are* the descendants of rats, toads, or any other animal, with the manners and morals of which they feel particularly in sympathy, or of which, in any case, they believe themselves to be the kin. On the other hand, those of us who are convinced that we can trace our descent to man as he was before the Fall—before the animal kingdom materialized—and who have not forgotten our birthright, must necessarily infer that we are of a different and vastly better breed than our animally-inclined opponents."

"Well", concluded the Recorder, "having settled that matter to our satisfaction, if not to theirs, what, may I ask, have you been reading,—less *ex cathedra* in tone, perhaps, than the finalities of Museum and similar scientists?" And the Recorder turned to the Historian, who is always reading something.

"I thought you would be asking me that question", was the response, "so I brought with me a book, *Twenty Years as Military Attaché*, by Colonel T. Bentley Mott (U. S. A.), which, in addition to much that is entertaining, contains reminders of truths which most people either try to forget, or have refused even to recognize. If I may, I will read an extract as an illustration of what I mean." Whereupon the Historian read aloud as follows:

> On my way to Fayolle's H.Q. at Saarbrücken, during this trip, I passed through Morhange, now once more French territory. At this place Robert Bacon and I had spent a horrible night while travelling to join General Pershing for the solemn entrance into Strasburg, and the memory of what we had then seen arose to poison my present satisfaction. The vast military hospital appeared like a charnel house; for immediately upon getting news of the Armistice, the Germans had smashed all the radiators, cut the water-pipes and the toilet-drains, taken their food, medicines, doctors and nurses, and left the poor English and French prisoners that filled the place to die at their leisure. Before help could arrive many of these weakened men were beyond revival, and the horror of the spot, the very stench of it, remains with me to this day.
>
> I could not but remember this spectacle of useless cruelty when I lunched with General McLaughlin on the Rhine a few days later. He occupied part of a large house in a smiling German town and he told me of his efforts to defend himself from abasing politeness on the part of the inhabitants. The owners of the house and their daughters were sending delicacies to his table and manifesting their friendly spirit in various ingenious ways. Finally McLaughlin had been compelled to send for them. "We are still at war with your country", he told them. "I am occupying a part of your house in consequence of

this situation. I desire to cause you the least possible annoyance, but our personal intercourse must be limited to what is strictly necessary. I thank you for your presents but I beg you to send no more."

McLaughlin went off the next day to watch the Christmas sports of his command. On returning for dinner he found the table decorated with little Christmas trees and a note from the lady of the house! I feel sure that had the situation been reversed, these same persons would have taken keen delight in doing to McLaughlin's men what their brethren had done to the poor devils in Morhange six weeks before. These are things that decent people the world over ought to keep in mind, even though their rulers are impelled by policy not to refer to them publicly. The German has an innate love of cruelty which creeps out whenever he is in the saddle, just as his cringing in the presence of superior force seeks to soften the blows which he naturally anticipates will be handed him. That his people in the Rhine Provinces were not kicked about by the Allied troopers surprised him completely. He knew what his soldiers would have done had the shoe been on the other foot.

"There would be no need to remind the world of such things", the Historian continued, "if it were not for the obstinate incredulity of some people, and the ceaseless propaganda of others whose purpose it is to show that the English and French were just as bad as the Germans. The Irish in this country overflow with that sort of poison, and even in England there are Pro-Germans and Pacifists who adopt a similar attitude."

"I am not sure that Colonel Mott has diagnosed the German psychology correctly", the much-travelled Engineer now remarked. "Somebody once said that senseless atrocities are usually committed by people who are trembling with fear, in order to reassure themselves. Germans differ greatly. Prussians are one type; Hanoverians and the people of the Rhine Provinces are another; and the Prussians dominate. We know in any case that all peoples are inclined to judge others by themselves, and as it is indisputable that Germans believe in a policy of *schrecklichkeit*—in terrorization—in times of war, and even in times of peace within their own borders, it is a fair inference that they know the treatment which would be effective if employed by other nations against themselves; that, in other words, the German General Staff, realizing the native timidity of most of their own people, infer that the English, Belgians, French and Americans must be similarly constituted. However, there can be no question as to Colonel Mott's facts, while the question I raise is more or less academic. Of one thing I am positive: that the Germans, throughout the War, behaved like fiends in Belgium and Northern France, and that, because of England's attitude of 'Forgive and Forget', and of American indifference, Germany is determined, when she breaks loose again, to employ even worse forms of 'frightfulness' than before."

"I agree with you under that head", said the Historian. "The worst of it is that England, France and America have learned no more than Germany as a result of their War-time and subsequent experience. There will be no peace in the world until someone of the stuff of Genghis Khan outdoes the Germans at their own game,—in Germany. No Armistice then!"

"I am sorry for the Lodge", the Student commented. "What with its stupid but well-meaning children—nations and individuals—and its cunning,

unscrupulous and self-assertive children, shouting their contempt of God and man, it must still be a case of 'the Son of man hath not where to lay his head'."

"You are right", said the Ancient. "The best of us are stupid in many ways, but we need not let our stupidity go so far as to lead us to forget that faith and love and aspiration are gifts which the least of us can offer, and which the Lodge will not only accept with gratitude but can use for the salvation of the race. I do not mean that we ought to accept our stupidities as inevitable, for clearly, by study and thought we should do our utmost to draw the lesson from each day's experience, that we may learn the laws of life, and the difference between the real and the unreal, between right and wrong in their wider reaches and deeper significance; clearly, too, we should pray for common sense and for the elements of wisdom: but, meanwhile, let us rejoice that, in spite of our limitations, we can look up and believe and trust,—and give thanks. It must seem to us, often, that our love and gratitude are so thin as to be almost invisible; but in that case, if you are dealing with the Master Christ, remind him of the Widow's Mite; say to him: 'Master, you accepted her gift, next to nothing though it was, because it was her all, and if we give all the love of which we are now capable, you will accept that too, and perhaps will multiply it, as you multiplied the loaves and fishes, and will turn it into something strong and beautiful.'

"We are still deceived by the god of the western world,—Success, though in no department of life is success attainable, seeing that it for ever recedes. Success is a step towards success,—or failure: it is never a finality. This is as true of spiritual attainment as it is of money, worldly position, or human love. Therefore, as Judge used to say, let us offer up the results of all our efforts, realizing that the effort alone concerns us, and that the Lord will take care of results.

"It is of such things that our annual Convention reminds us,—and we need to be reminded of them, living as we do in a world which sees only the fleeting as real, and which would persuade us, if it could, that our ideals are both unattainable and impotent. Unattainable they may be in this life, if only for the reason I have already suggested,—that the nearer we approach them, the greater the heights which become visible; but impotent, No! The very fact that we recognize the ideals which the Lodge has revealed to us—the ideals of chêlaship and of all to which that may lead—the life of the unconquerable Warrior and Master—that recognition alone is a power in the world which makes evil tremble; and if to recognition there be added honest effort to be and do as the ideal demands, we shall be serving the Lodge as it is given to few to serve it; we shall be making ready the way for the coming of a Kingdom on earth, which already is, thank God, in heaven." T.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY[1]

I understand, Socrates. It is because you say that you always have a divine sign. So he is prosecuting you for introducing new things into religion. And he is going into court knowing that such matters are easily misrepresented to the multitude, and consequently meaning to slander you there.—PLATO.

I FIRST met dear old "H.P.B.", as she made all her friends call her, in the spring of 1887. Some of her disciples had taken a pretty house in Norwood, where the huge glass nave and twin towers of the Crystal Palace glint above a labyrinth of streets and terraces. London was at its grimy best. The squares and gardens were scented with grape-clusters of lilac, and yellow rain of laburnums under soft green leaves. The eternal smoke-pall was thinned to a gray veil shining in the afternoon sun, with the great Westminster Towers and a thousand spires and chimneys piercing through. Every house had its smoke-wreath, trailing away to the east.

H.P.B. was just finishing her day's work, so I passed a half-hour upstairs with her volunteer secretary, a disciple who served her with boundless devotion, giving up everything for her cause, and fighting her battles bravely, to be stormed at in return, unremittingly for seven years. I had known him two years before, in the days of Mohini Chatterji, the velvet-robed Brahman with glossy tresses and dusky face and big luminous eyes. So we talked of old times, and of H.P.B.'s great book, *The Secret Doctrine*, and he read me resonant stanzas about Universal Cosmic Night, when Time was not; about the Luminous Sons of Manvantaric Dawn; and the Armies of the Voice; about the Water Men Terrible and Bad, and the Black Magicians of Lost Atlantis; about the Sons of Will and Yoga and the Ring Pass-Not; about the Great Day Be-With-Us, when all shall be perfected into one, re-uniting "thyself and others, myself and thee."

So the half-hour passed, and I went downstairs to see the Old Lady. She was in her writing-room, just rising from her desk, and clad in one of those dark blue dressing-gowns she loved. My first impression was of her rippled

[1] By Charles Johnston, from *The Theosophical Forum*, Vol. 5, No. 12, April, 1900, page 221; and Vol. 6, No. 1, May, 1900, page 2.

hair as she turned, then her marvellously potent eyes, as she welcomed me: "My dear fellow! I am so glad to see you! Come in and talk! You are just in time to have some tea!" And a hearty handshake.

Then a piercing call for "Louise", and her Swiss maid appeared, to receive a voluble torrent of directions in French, and H.P.B. settled herself snugly into an armchair, comfortably near her tobacco-box, and began to make me a cigarette. The cuffs of a Jaeger suit showed round her wrists, only setting off the perfect shape and delicacy of her hands, as her deft fingers, deeply stained with nicotine, rolled the white rice-paper round Turkish tobacco. When we were comfortably alight, she told me a charming tale of Louise's devotion. She had got away from her base of supplies somewhere, in Belgium I think, and things were rather tight for awhile. A wealthy gentleman called to see the famous Russian witch, and tipped her maid munificently. As soon as he was gone, Louise appeared, blushing and apologizing: "Perhaps madame will not be offended", she stammered, "but I do not need money; *enfin—madame consentira . . .*" and she tried to transfer the *douceur* to her mistress.

Louise's entry cut short the story, and H.P.B. turned with a quizzically humorous smile to another theme: "Of course you have read the S.P.R. Report? —The Spookical Research Society—and know that I am a Russian spy, and the champion impostor of the age?"

"Yes, I read the Report. But I knew its contents already. I was at the meeting when it was first read, two years ago."

"Well", said H.P.B., again smiling with infinite humour, "and what impression did the frisky lambkin from Australia make upon your susceptible heart?"

"A very deep one. I decided that he must be a very good young man, who always came home to tea; and that the Lord had given him a very good conceit of himself. If he got an opinion into his head, he would plow away blandly, and contrary facts would be quite invisible. But your case was not the first on the list. They had a paper on modern witchcraft, at which another of your accusers proved that pinches and burns could be sent by thought-transference to a person miles away. It was quite gruesome, and suggested ducking-stools. Then you came on. But as far as I could see, the young Colonial had never really investigated any occult phenomena at all; he simply investigated dim and confused memories about them in the minds of indifferent witnesses. And all that Mr. Sinnett says in the *Occult World* seems to me absolutely unshaken by the whole Report. The Poet, the third of your accusers, came down among us after the meeting, and smilingly asked me what I thought of it. I answered that it was the most unfair and one-sided thing I had ever heard of, and that if I had not already been a member of your Society, I should have joined on the strength of that attack. He smiled a kind of sickly smile, and passed on."

"I am glad you think so, my dear", she answered in her courtly way, "for now I can offer you some tea with a good conscience." Louise had laid a white cloth on the corner table, brought in a tray, and lit the lamp. The secretary soon joined us, receiving a tart little sermon on being unpunctual, which he was not. Then we came back to her friends, the Psychical Researchers.

"They will never do much", said H.P.B. "They go too much on material lines, and they are far too timid. That was the secret motive that turned them against me. The young Colonial went astray, and then the bell-wethers of the flock followed in his wake, because they were afraid of raising a storm if they said our phenomena were true. Fancy what it would have meant! Why it would practically have committed Modern Science to our Mahatmas and all I have taught about the inhabitants of the occult world and their tremendous powers. They shrank at the thought of it, and so they made a scapegoat of this poor orphan and exile." And her eyes were full of humorous pity for herself.

"It must have been something like that", I answered, "for there is simply no backbone in the Report itself. It is the weakest thing of the kind I have ever read. There is not a shred of real evidence in it from beginning to end."

"Do you really think so? That's right!" cried H.P.B.; and then she turned on her secretary, and poured in a broadside of censure, telling him he was greedy, idle, untidy, unmethodical, and generally worthless. When he ventured an uneasy defence, she flared up and declared that he "was born a flapdoodle, lived a flapdoodle, and would die a flapdoodle". He lost his grip, and not unnaturally made a yellow streak of egg across her white tablecloth.

"There!" cried H.P.B., glaring at him with withering scorn, and then turning to me for sympathy in her afflictions. That was her way, to rate her disciples in the presence of perfect strangers. It speaks volumes for her, that they loved her still.

I tried to draw a red herring across the track,—not that there were any on the table. We were limited to tea, toast and eggs.

"The funny thing about the Psychical Researchers", I said, "is that they have proved for themselves that most of these magical powers are just what you say they are, and they seem to have bodily adopted, not to say, stolen, your teaching of the Astral Light. Take the thing that has been most made fun of: the journeys of adepts and their pupils in the astral body; you know how severe they are about poor Damodar and his journeys in his astral body from one part of India to another, and even from India over to London. Well, they themselves have perfectly sound evidence of the very same thing. I know one of their Committee, a professor of physics, who really discovered thought-transference and made all the first experiments in it. He showed me a number of their unpublished papers, and among them was an account of just such astral journeys made quite consciously. I think the astral traveller was a young doctor, but that is a detail. The point is, that he kept a diary of his visits, and a note of them was also kept by the person he visited, and the two perfectly coincide. They have the whole thing authenticated and in print, and yet when you make the very same claim, they call you a fraud. I wonder why?"

"Partly British prejudice", she answered; "no Englishman ever believes any good of a Russian. They think we are all liars. You know they shadowed me for months in India, as a Russian spy? I don't understand", she went on

meditatively, yet with a severe eye on her secretary, "I don't understand how these Englishmen can be so very sure of their superiority, and at the same time in such terror of our invading India."

"We could easily hold our own if you did, H.P.B.", ventured the patriotic secretary, pulling himself together, but evidently shaky yet, and avoiding her eye. She was down on him in an instant:

"Why!" she cried, "what could you do with your poor little army? I tell you, my dear, when the Russians do meet the English on the Afghan frontier, we shall crush you like fleas!"

I never saw anything so overwhelming. She rose up in her wrath like the whole Russian army of five millions on a war footing and descended on the poor Briton's devoted head, with terrific weight. When she was roused, H.P.B. was like a torrent; she simply dominated everyone who came near her; and her immense personal force made itself felt always, even when she was sick and suffering, and with every reason to be cast down. I have never seen anything like her tremendous individual power. She was the justification of her own teaching of the divinity of the will. "But H.P.B."—hesitated the secretary. But she crushed him with a glance, and he desperately helped himself to more buttered toast only to be accused of gluttony.

Again I attempted a diversion: "There is one thing about the S.P.R. Report I want you to explain. What about the writing in the occult letters?"

"Well, what about it?" asked H.P.B., immediately interested.

"They say that you wrote them yourself, and that they bear evident marks of your handwriting and style. What do you say to that?"

"Let me explain it this way", she answered, after a long gaze at the end of her cigarette. "Have you ever made experiments in thought-transference? If you have, you must have noticed that the person who receives the mental picture very often colours it, or even changes it slightly, with his own thought, and this where perfectly genuine transference of thought takes place. Well, it is something like that with the precipitated letters. One of our Masters, who perhaps does not know English, and of course has no English handwriting, wishes to precipitate a letter in answer to a question sent mentally to him. Let us say he is in Tibet, while I am in Madras or London. He has the answering thought in his mind, but not in English words. He has first to impress that thought on my brain, or on the brain of someone else who knows English, and then to take the word-forms that rise up in that other brain to answer the thought. Then he must form a clear mind-picture of the words in writing, also drawing on my brain, or the brain of whoever it is, for the shapes. Then either through me or some Chêla with whom he is magnetically connected, he has to precipitate these word-shapes on paper, first sending the shapes into the Chêla's mind, and then driving them into the paper, using the magnetic force of the Chêla to do the printing, and collecting the material, black or blue or red, as the case may be, from the astral light. As all things dissolve into the astral light, the will of the magician can draw them forth again. So he can draw forth colours of pigments to mark the figure in the letter, using the magnetic force of the

Chêla to stamp them in, and guiding the whole by his own much greater magnetic force, a current of powerful will."

"That sounds quite reasonable", I answered. "Won't you show me how it is done?"

"You would have to be clairvoyant", she answered, in a perfectly direct and matter-of-fact way, "in order to see and guide the currents. But this is the point: Suppose the letter precipitated through me; it would naturally show some traces of my expressions, and even of my writing; but all the same, it would be a perfectly genuine occult phenomenon, and a real message from that Mahatma. Besides, when all is said and done, they exaggerate the likeness of the writings. And experts are not infallible. We have had experts who were just as positive that I could not possibly have written those letters, and just as good experts, too. But the Report says nothing about them. And then there are letters, in just the same handwriting, precipitated when I was thousands of miles away. Dr. Hartmann received more than one at Adyar, Madras, when I was in London; I could hardly have written that."

"They would simply say Dr. Hartmann was the fraud, in that case."

"Certainly", cried H.P.B., growing angry now; "we are all frauds and liars, and the lambkin from Australia is the only true man. My dear, it is too much. It is insolent!" And then she laughed at her own warmth, a broad, good-humoured Homeric laugh, as hers always was, and finally said:

"But you have seen some of the occult letters? What do you say?"

"Yes", I replied; "Mr. Sinnett showed me about a ream of them; the whole series that the *Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism* are based on. Some of them are in red, either ink or pencil, but far more are in blue. I thought it was pencil at first, and I tried to smudge it with my thumb; but it would not smudge."

"Of course not!" she smiled; "the colour is driven into the surface of the paper. But what about the writings?"

"I am coming to that. There were two: the blue writing, and the red; they were totally different from each other, and both were quite unlike yours. I have spent a good deal of time studying the relation of handwriting to character, and the two characters were quite clearly marked. The blue was evidently a man of very gentle and even character, but of tremendously strong will; logical, easy-going, and taking endless pains to make his meaning clear. It was altogether the handwriting of a cultivated and very sympathetic man."

"Which I am not", said H.P.B., with a smile; "that is Mahatma Koothoomi; he is a Kashmiri Brahman by birth, you know, and has travelled a good deal in Europe. He is the author of the *Occult World* letters, and gave Mr. Sinnett most of the material of *Esoteric Buddhism*. But you have read all about it."

"Yes, I remember he says you shriek across space with a voice like Sarasvati's peacock. Hardly the sort of thing you would say of yourself."

"Of course not", she said; "I know I am a nightingale. But what about the other writing?"

"The red? Oh that is wholly different. It is fierce, impetuous, dominant, strong; it comes in volcanic outbursts, while the other is like Niagara Falls.

One is fire, and the other is the ocean. They are wholly different, and both quite unlike yours. But the second has more resemblance to yours than the first."

"This is my Master", she said, "whom we call Mahatma Morya. I have his picture here."

And she showed me a small panel in oils. If ever I saw genuine awe and reverence in a human face, it was in hers, when she spoke of her Master. He was a Rajput by birth, she said, one of the old warrior race of the Indian desert, the finest and handsomest nation in the world. Her Master was a giant, six feet eight, and splendidly built; a superb type of manly beauty. Even in the picture, there is a marvellous power and fascination; the force, the fierceness even, of the face; the dark, glowing eyes, which stare you out of countenance; the clear-cut features of bronze, the raven hair and beard—all spoke of a tremendous individuality, a very Zeus in the prime of manhood and strength. I asked her something about his age. She answered:

"My dear, I cannot tell you exactly, for I do not know. But this I will tell you. I met him first when I was twenty,—in 1851. He was in the very prime of manhood then. I am an old woman now, but he has not aged a day. He is still in the prime of manhood. That is all I can say. You may draw your own conclusions."

"Have the Mahatmas discovered the elixir of life?"

"That is no fable", said H.P.B. seriously. "It is only the veil hiding a real occult process, warding off age and dissolution for periods which would seem fabulous, so I will not mention them. The secret is this: for every man, there is a climacteric, when he must draw near to death; if he has squandered his life-powers, there is no escape for him; but if he has lived according to the law, he may pass through, and so continue in the same body almost indefinitely."

Then she told me something about other Masters and adepts she had known, —for she made a difference, as though the adepts were the captains of the occult world, and the Masters were the generals. She had known adepts of many races, from Northern and Southern India, Tibet, Persia, China, Egypt; of various European nations, Greek, Hungarian, Italian, English; of certain races in South America, where she said there was a Lodge of adepts.

"It is the tradition of this which the Spanish Conquistadores found", she said, "the golden city of Manoah or El Dorado. The race is allied to the ancient Egyptians, and the adepts have still preserved the secret of their dwelling-place inviolable. There are certain members of the Lodges who pass from centre to centre, keeping the lines of connection between them unbroken. But they are always connected in other ways."

"In their astral bodies?"

"Yes", she answered, "and in other ways still higher. They have a common life and power. As they rise in spirituality, they rise above difference of race, to our common humanity. The series is unbroken."

(*To be continued.*)

REVIEWS

Make Life Worth Living, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo; The Macmillan Co., New York, 1938; price, $1.75.

We cannot too highly recommend this book as a defence of religious principles against the irreligion and materialism of to-day. Dr. Sizoo, who is of French Huguenot extraction and of Dutch parentage, is at present the minister of the well-known Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas in New York. He is also Vice-President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America,—which is, incidentally, the only good thing we know of that Council. How he can get along with his associates, considering the difference between his philosophy and theirs, is not easy to imagine; for his philosophy, though not mystical, is in most respects theosophical, while theirs seems to be: Give them plenty to eat, and lots of leisure, and religion will take care of itself.

The following extracts will give some idea of Dr. Sizoo's attitude:

> [The church] does not stop with social justice, but with divine justice. It does not put man, but God, in the centre. It is not concerned with the distribution of wealth, but with the stewardship of wealth, which is infinitely higher and more difficult.
>
> It is the function of the church to establish an order in which men shall see more than the eye can see, hear more than the ear can hear, feel more than the hand can touch. It is something that begins on earth, but does not end here. It is born in time but will take eternity to unveil and unfold. It is something that begins with God and ends with God. Its goal is neither political, social nor economic reform, but the redemption of man from sin through the cross of Christ. . . .
>
> The causes of God are never lost causes. The great moral ventures men make, the holy aspirations to which they cling, the unrequited love through which they live, and the high dreams for which they agonize, are never in vain.

Like most Protestants, Dr. Sizoo has no respect for the purely contemplative life of certain Roman Catholic religious orders,—an attitude with which it is difficult for a student of Theosophy to sympathize, considering what we know of the contemplative side of the Lodge, and of the creative power of prayer when really spiritual. But he is liberal in his outlook, and, after pleading that the church should make it easy for people to find God, and hard for them to forget Him, and that "it must increasingly develop a technique which will foster that sense of reverence",—does not hesitate to add: "The Catholic Church has made that contribution, and all too often has the Protestant Church failed miserably in that respect."

The chapters entitled, "We shall Live and Meet Again", and "Standing up to Life", are particularly valuable. The only blemishes on the book, as we see it, are that the author is too much inclined to "write down" to the level of his readers, and descends at times to ordinary journalese (as we have done, in the use of that word!), while, in one instance, he is distinctly misleading in his historical summary, implying, as he does, that St. Augustine introduced Christianity into England (A.D. 596), thus ignoring the successful labours of St. Patrick in Somerset and elsewhere, of St. Columba in the north, the evidence of the early chronicles of the Roman, Eastern, Gallic and Spanish churches that Joseph of Arimathea established a congregation of Christians at Glastonbury not long after the Crucifixion, and the narratives of William of Malmesbury and others, which show that in the second century, under the great-grandson of Caractacus, a large part of England had accepted Christianity. But these are trifles in comparison with the merits of a book which, once more, we cannot praise too highly as a counterblast, within Protestantism, to the materialistic humanitarianism which is reducing our churches to the equivalent of social welfare clubs. T.

Souvenirs d'un Journaliste, in three volumes, by Lucien Corpechot; Librairie Plon, Paris, 1936; price, 13.50 francs a volume.

Figures de Chefs, by Henry Bordeaux; Librairie Plon, Paris, 1937; price, 20 francs.

Some of us love France. We love her so much that her present desperate plight bears down upon us like a nightmare. We are deeply troubled in our hearts and minds by the spectacle of a great and noble nation reduced to apparent impotence by the experiments of *idéologues*, the intrigues of demagogues, and the self-seeking of politicians. No American can afford to throw the first stone, after what has happened here, but there are some Americans who are peculiarly distressed by the French "new deal", because they expected better things of France.

However, those who truly love the genius and inner life of France have not lost faith in the destiny reserved for her, nor in the recuperative power which has saved her so many times in the past and which *must* save her again. She has the "karma" of many errors which must be exhausted, but so much spiritual force has been poured into her very soil, that we can conceive of no war and no revolution which will destroy her before her appointed work is done. The Lodge does not lightly abandon its "investments". It can provide those who will restore the values which seem to be utterly lost. Let us remember Jeanne d'Arc, Henri IV, Richelieu, Napoleon, and the multitudes who have rallied again and again, to convert the appearance of complete disaster into certain victory and peace.

The latest of the saving "miracles" of France, as has been often said, was the Battle of the Marne, although in truth this "miracle" began before the Great War and lasted until the Armistice. It is this "miracle" which is the real sub-

ject of these books. M. Corpechot writes, in particular, of the group of men of letters and men of science, who laboured without rest, during the two decades before the War, to awaken the conscience of the nation. He was an intimate friend of Marchand (of Fashoda fame), Quinton, Barrès, Bourget and many others. Some of us may have become so cynical, that it is not easy to understand how public opinion could at any time or in any place be inspired and directed by men of such culture and temper, but, in that case, all the more reason for recalling, in these dark times, how before the War, the way of sacrifice and death in the cause of civilization was prepared, in a certain sense, by a group of truly civilized people whose love for *la doulce France* was so intense, so vital, that it revitalized the heart of the nation by a sort of "contagion of consciousness". Who will measure the degree in which these enlightened souls made possible the glories of the four "terrible years"? Incidentally, as Marchand and Quinton—to mention only two—amply proved, they were eager and ready to practise the doctrine of sacrifice and selfless devotion which they preached. Quinton on the battlefield was as magnificent as a hero of Homer or Plutarch, or a figure from a romance of chivalry.

> Quinton often said: "War is a passion of the soul." He experienced this passion with the ardour which he carried into all his feelings. There can be no doubt. He loved war. He spoke of this love to me when he was dying. He loved war, "because he loved risk, danger and effort, because he felt the need of spending himself for others, because he held in horror a life of ease, the life which kills the gods." He knew the fatigue which is sometimes "so great on the battle-field, that it makes us desire the release of death"; he knew privations, cold, extreme danger, wounds, illness. But he loved all that because "hunger, combat, sleeplessness raise to the highest degree the moral force of the man who serves, because a divine soul inhabits the harassed body, because the soul is purified when the body is exhausted."

Let us not confuse this heroic version of war, which makes explicit—as it were—the spirit of the true warrior caste of France, with the blood-lust of the "militarist", nor with the pompous boasting of the adventurer. The hero is neither a murderer nor a clown.

One very real value of M. Corpechot's book is that it brings consolation and hope. The human race is not always and necessarily governed by "morons" and barbarians. Barrès actually sat in the Chamber of Deputies! Such things happened before: they can happen again. Meanwhile, if the student of Theosophy really believes in re-incarnation and in the abiding union of souls who have loved and worked for the same cause, he cannot doubt that the devotion of these men to France is a living power in the world beyond death, and that it will lead them to incarnate again, when cyclic law makes this possible, to defend the land to which they have dedicated their service. Can we imagine that the Master, whom they served in serving France, would deny them this privilege?

M. Bordeaux's work, in a sense, supplements M. Corpechot's, for it is an admirable and sober study of the military leaders whose strategy, and whose character, even more than their strategy, guided France through crisis after crisis, during the War. He has devoted special attention to Joffre, Fayolle, Maistre and Serret. All these commanders illustrated qualities which mark

the traditional French officer. These cannot be easily defined, because what is paramount but undefinable is the individuality which makes each of them real. M. Bordeaux, excellent artist as he is, makes manifest the characters of his heroes by telling the story of their trials and aspirations. Each of them was an individual, a unique personage, but the foundation of their prestige was the same for all,—fortitude, vigilance, the will to command and the desire to serve, uncompromising rigour towards the foe conjoined with paternal kindness towards all those, even the humblest, who were in their charge. One recalls the fact that the French military unit is, in a very real sense, a "family"; that the relation of the captain and the private is that of father and child.

The last chapter of this book contains one of the most beautiful passages to be found in any account of the Great War. Bordeaux quotes from the diary of the *sous-officier* Chambrières, the account of the death of General Serret on the scarred and blasted slope of Hartmannsvillerkopf in Alsace. Chambrières was devoted heart and soul to the General, whose "standard-bearer" he was. His simple narrative has the poignant quality of an ancient ballad. We quote a few sentences, although it is impossible in translation to preserve the moving force of the original:

> From the moment when the General was struck until we found shelter in the shell-hole, he lost much blood. His trench-helmet served as a pillow and I covered his head with my dragoon's casque. I said to him: "General, you must be suffering a great deal." He replied: "There is a noble thought in the *Imitation of Christ:* 'If you cannot suffer with joy, suffer at least without complaint.'" And he did not complain. His eyes were closed; I kissed his hand. He opened his eyes and said to me: "I have faith, I am at peace." . . . We arrived at last at the dressing-station. The General's helmet had fallen on the stretcher; an orderly replaced it. The General said to him: "Not like that, the stars in front, always."

Les étoiles en avant toujours. As M. Bordeaux remarks, those words, among the last which the General spoke, are an inspiration to the lovers of France, who only in their weaker moments ever lose faith in her destiny and her immortal genius. S.V.L.

Design in Nature, by James Ritchie, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, and *Country Life* Limited, London, 1937; price, $2.50.

Professor Ritchie uses as an epigraph a sentence from the writings of Sir Thomas Pope Blount: "The deeper insight any Man hath into the affairs of NATURE, the more he discovers of the Accurateness, and Art, that is in the contexture of things." These words sound the key-note of this delightful book. We recommend it to all lovers of country life, to all who find the society of birds and flowers more restful and more entertaining than the society of not a few of their "fellow-humans". Professor Ritchie says that his object is "to explain in simple language the ways in which the living world has been moulded by some of the forces in inanimate nature—the all-prevailing influence of the sun, the succession of the seasons, the rhythm of day and night". He has been

successful, not only because he has mastered his subject, but because he writes with a clarity and wit which distinguish him from the vast majority of the popularizers of science.

He states his thesis as follows:

> Study any example you like—here for variety we have taken as examples, life in a wasp's nest, the spring migration of birds, the significance of song, life in a pond, and so on, and the impression grows that an understanding of the lives of plants and animals can be gained only through an understanding of the designs which the rhythms of nature have imposed upon them.

This is confirmed by observation and experience. All the cycles of the Universe collaborate in the shaping of every creature, including man himself. Recollection of this central fact in Nature should never leave us, for constant reference to it will illumine much that would otherwise be unintelligible in existence. And it is pleasant to witness, in our contacts with our humble brethren of the fields and forests, countless illustrations of the "Accurateness and Art" which distinguish the operations of cyclic law. We can take advantage of an excursion into the country to strengthen our too feeble faith in the deep wisdom and fitness of the nature of things.

Professor Ritchie is careful to point out that the living creature does not play a wholly passive rôle in the shaping of its destiny. The voice of creative Nature is lost in the void, unless the creature reply to it. As he remarks, "Life is a responsive thing", and its responses are infinitely varied. It is as if Nature, in all her processes, sought above all to produce a race, not of slaves, but of collaborators.

> Natural selection cannot make an animal fitter, any more than an eliminating round of a golf tournament makes a man a better golfer, unless it be that, since failure here does not bring annihilation, fortunately for us, a man may benefit from his experience of the test. And perhaps in that sense, in impressing the lessons of experience, natural selection does help to make animals fitter. Even so, and this is the point I wish to be at, the animal or the golfer is not *made* fitter by any outside condition; it is himself or itself, the living creature, which makes the change. There can be no selection unless there are differences to select, and it is part of the unique character of living matter that it supplies the differences or variations, some of which lead to increased fitness and so to survival.

It is interesting to note that *The Secret Doctrine* defines *Kundalini Shakti*, the "universal life-principle", as the power which brings about both "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations", and the "continuous adjustment of external relations to internal relations". When the great mystic, Meister Eckhart, affirmed, "God has need of me", he was stating a principle which is effective wherever there is life,—which means, according to Theosophy, everywhere. It is the law that the creature, in order to survive, must become in some degree a creator, a co-worker with Nature.

B.D.

Lost Horizon, by James Hilton; William Morrow & Company, New York. This novel of adventure in the East has been a best-seller for four years.

However, there would be no reason for reviewing it here, if it had not become a cause of some confusion of thought. It is an excellent "mystery" story; but there is no evidence whatsoever that its author intended to emulate Bulwer Lytton and to write an "occult novel". Nevertheless, undiscerning readers have read into it "occultness", "spirituality", and a host of other qualities which are not there.

It is an original story. A British official and a small group of nondescripts are kidnapped in an Indian frontier station and transported by aeroplane to Shangri-La, an earthly paradise in the wilderness of Tibet. Here they find a community of cultivated men and women of many races, who have solved the problem of human well-being, and who still appear youthful at the age of a hundred. The Grand Lama of this happy valley is a French priest who arrived from Pekin in 1734! "It was his way to accept from native life all that it offered which he found harmless and pleasant, and to give in return the spiritual treasure of the West. . . . He even embarked upon the study of certain mystic practices that the Indians call *yoga*, and which are based upon various methods of breathing." He has kept himself and his disciples alive, by means of "drug-taking and deep-breathing exercises". However, Nature imposes limits, even in this Tibetan Utopia, and his body finally wears out, though not before he has time to choose the English hero as his successor. Unfortunately or fortunately, according to the point of view, the Englishman feels constrained by his sense of duty to run away; but he returns to civilization only to disappear again, for the call of Shangri-La is too strong. He wants peace and quiet, a haven of refuge from a storm-tossed world. Not a few people in real life cherish similar desires,—which may partially explain the popularity of the book.

It would be idiotic to complain that all this is a tissue of impossibilities. Fiction does not have to be the servant of the possible. But it would be worse than idiotic to take the plot seriously. It does not give the prescription for the "elixir of life". "Drug-taking and deep-breathing exercises" are *not* the basis of the true Indian *yoga*. Shangri-La may resemble some views of Devachan; it is not, in the remotest sense, a vision of the Trans-Himalayan Lodge. Something more than narcotics and a misconceived *yoga* and a lovely climate, is required to make the actual physical body of man outlive the centuries. No one, in the present cycle, can grow fabulously old and, at the same time, live comfortably, his mind and senses constantly soothed by every delicate pleasure which nature and art can contrive. Candidates for occult training are not conscripted at random; nor is it reasonable to expect even a British empire-builder to fit himself by a few days' residence in a luxurious lamasery to head a community of centenarian sages. These propositions are so elementary, so self-evident, that the reader is justified in wondering whether the reviewer who repeats them has any sense of humour. Certainly it is not Mr. Hilton's fault that such an analysis has seemed necessary. He does not pretend to be a mystic and seer. He is an entertaining novelist who happened to choose Tibet as the background of one of his tales.

Many who did not read the book, have seen the "movie" with the same

title. The less said about this, the better. There are some magnificent panoramas of mountain scenery; but no amount of landscape can redeem the banality and vulgarity of the characters and their actions. An incredibly silly love-story has been added to maintain intact the Hollywood tradition. If anyone has seen the "movie" and has liked it, let him look up in any standard dictionary the definition of "glamour". V.S.

The Citadel, by A. J. Cronin; Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1937; price, $2.50.

This reviewer dislikes novels. At best they are but psychic reflections of a psychic reflection of life. But partly because most people will read nothing else; partly because a good novel broadens the mental outlook, especially of those who have not seen much of the world, and partly because *The Citadel* has become a "best-seller" both in England and America, and is avowedly a novel with a purpose,—we read it, and on the whole are glad to have done so. The author, with an established reputation as a novelist, is an M.D., M.R.C.P., and, in this novel, shows himself as a man with a mission, and manages, while doing this, to add to, instead of detracting from, the interest of his story. It is the story of a young doctor with high ideals of his profession, who marries a girl with ideals as high as his, and whose character is far more stable. She loves him devotedly, with the whole of her nature; he loves her, but loves himself better. Desire for success and for money—at first they are very poor—gradually turns him from his original purpose; he compromises with his conscience and adopts the unscrupulous professional practices which formerly he had condemned. His wife realizes this; pleads with him and is roughly rebuffed. She is heart-broken —for his sake; he resents this against her, and becomes bitterly unkind. It would not be fair in a review to tell of his awakening and repentance, nor of their renewed but brief happiness together. She, through her suffering, saves his soul.

The story is full of dramatic incidents, well told, and, morally, is the cleanest modern novel we have read in English (there are outstanding French novelists, such as Henry Bordeaux, who put all our authors to shame in this respect). But why does Dr. Cronin, who handles matters of sex with such unusual and welcome refinement, use words in other connections which are needlessly, offensively vulgar? Once more in these columns we protest: the photography of hard, sharp outline is not art; it is not even artistic photography. Why should decent women-readers be affronted by the language of dirty little schoolboys?

None the less, the book will do good. The character of Christine, the wife, is in many ways beautiful; and the author's exposure of commercialized medical practice, with its tricks for extracting extra fees, its superficial knowledge, its intense narrow-mindedness, should be illuminating to those who were not disillusioned long ago. He does not condemn the profession as a whole. To do that would be both unfair and absurd. There are many doctors whose motives

and ethical ideals are beyond reproach. Even they, however, are terribly handicapped by the instruction they received when passing through the medical schools, for that instruction was based upon a purely materialistic if not mechanistic philosophy, and as that philosophy is false, darkness, not light, flows from it. And because this is something which Dr. Cronin, with all his learning, evidently does not realize, his criticisms are less fundamental than he thinks they are,—except when he upholds honesty, fearlessness, and intellectual integrity against their prevailing opposites. There, of course, he is on safe ground, and we are heart and soul with him; but we cannot follow him in his respect for "the latest" in scientific development, believing, as we do, that a very small percentage of "the latest", whether in theory or method, will survive the experience of the next ten years; believing also as we do, that the percentage of superstition in the medical theory and practice of ancient China, India, Egypt, or, in later times, of Paracelsus, the two Van Helmonts and other "mystics", was probably lower than the percentage of superstition in the orthodox textbooks of to-day. Wonderful progress has been made in certain directions, but in other and perhaps more important directions the movement has been retrograde,—and the medical profession is too conceited to be able or willing to admit this. Girolamo Cardano, the Milanese, knew much that the modern physician does not know (his autobiography is fascinating reading), even as the modern physician knows a thousand things of which Cardano knew nothing; but where is the modern physician or medical student who is capable of turning with respect to the recorded experience of that sixteenth-century celebrity, expecting to learn from him, and remaining open-minded when the doctrine of that day conflicts with the orthodoxy of our present schools? Where is the medical student of six months' standing who does not look with pity or mild amusement upon the "blind gropings" of his predecessors of five hundred or a thousand years ago? It is not the student's fault; it is the fault of his instructors, whose acquaintance with superficial phenomena is astonishing, but who fail utterly to grasp the significance of the principle that the cause of all visible things is in the invisible. So long as they ignore the medium between mental and emotional states and nerve reactions, they will remain blind leaders of the blind. A right philosophy is their greatest need, and they will never accept this if thrust upon them. They can acquire it only by slow assimilation resulting from a study of ancient authors, whom they must approach, not for the purpose of increasing their own sense of superiority as at present, but with an honest desire to discover as much truth as possible in the recorded experience of those who thought more, even though they read less, than we do to-day. (When will people learn that reading without intelligent and deep thought, is a hindrance rather than a help to the attainment of understanding!)

In brief, the basis of a sound medical education is not now provided. It will consist of a study of the history of medical philosophy, which must be taught by those who will honestly try to help their students to think for themselves, and to revere the principle: "There is no religion higher than Truth." Obedience to that principle will in time lead to the conviction that man is a soul,

functioning through psychic, astral, and nervous bodies of which the physical is merely the rind or casing,—the outermost expression of the inner, and important as the means of contact and communication with the outer world, and as the instrument through which alone the soul can gain experience and control of objective existence. Only when that conviction has been gained by the majority of those who practise medicine, will Dr. Cronin's true aims become possible of attainment. T.

Return from the U.S.S.R., by André Gide; translated from the French by Dorothy Bussy; Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1937; price, $1.00.

M. André Gide is considered one of the greatest living novelists by some critics, and his opinions carry much weight with the *intelligentsia*. He is also a member of the Communist Party. This is the opening paragraph of his book on his visit to Soviet Russia:

> Entering into direct contact with a people of workers in factories, workshops and yards, in gardens, homes of rest, and "parks of culture", I had moments of intense joy. I felt the establishment of a sudden sympathy between these new comrades and myself; I felt my heart expand and blossom. This is why I look more smiling—more laughing even—in the photographs that were taken of me out there, than I am often able to be in France.

If the reader can bring himself to go on after this exhibition of Gide's egotism and lack of humour, he can probably live through the rest of the book. Why was Gide unable to view French workmen with an equal sympathy and joy, or with such a beaming countenance? The reader will ask himself this question not only at the beginning but at the end of the book. We suspect that Communism is a disease which destroys the faculty of logic as well as the sense of humour.

M. Gide was full of enthusiasm for the "unprecedented experiments" being carried out in Soviet Russia. On his return, he ventured to criticize a few of the results of these experiments—not that he is out of sympathy, of course, with the principles of Communism, but, because, like many people who approve of any experiment until it affects themselves, he suffered pain when he came into contact with the restraints laid upon his own profession, that of Letters.

> I believe that a writer's value is intimately linked to the force of the revolutionary spirit that animates him—or to be more exact (for I am not so mad as to believe that only left-wing writers have artistic value), to the force of his spirit of opposition. . . . For the question arises: what will happen if the transformation of the Social State deprives the artist of all motive for opposition? What will the artist do if there is no reason for him to go *against* the current, if all he need do is to let himself be carried by it?

Evidently M. Gide's idea of revolution is to keep on dancing and shouting in the same spot, as in a squirrel cage. He does not seem to realize that if someone who always opposes the government, starts out as a Communist, eventually he will "revolute" to extreme "ultra-bourgeois" conservatism. There seem to be signs of this even in the Russian Utopia. "We cannot doubt, alas, that bourgeois instincts, degraded, greedy, self-centred, slumber in many

people's hearts, notwithstanding any revolution (for many can hardly be reformed entirely from the outside); it disquiets me very much to observe, in the U.S.S.R. to-day, that these bourgeois instincts are indirectly flattered and encouraged by recent decisions that have been alarmingly approved of over here."

"Comrade" Gide's logic is sometimes positively weird. In one place he says of Soviet Russia: "I doubt whether in any other country in the world, even Hitler's Germany, thought be less free, more bowed down, more fearful (terrorized), more vassalized." Later on, in a lucid moment, he admits: "And as it always happens that we recognize the value of certain advantages only after we have lost them, there is nothing like a stay in the U.S.S.R. (or of course in Germany) to help us appreciate the inappreciable liberty of thought we still enjoy in France—and sometimes abuse." He does not explain how France could have developed this liberty of thought during the rule, for a thousand years, of Capetian "tyrants". However, he cheers up, and ends with this thought: "The help that the Soviet union is giving to Spain shows us what fine capabilities of recovery it still possesses. The Soviet Union has not yet finished instructing and astonishing us."

The descriptions of parks of culture and state farms drip with sentimentality. Gide even achieves an unconscious humour when he tells us of the beauties of Bolshevo, a large town inhabited entirely by criminals, now all reformed characters! He attended a meeting where some of them spoke, and says: "It all reminded me oddly of the series of edifying confessions that I heard at Thun two years ago during a great meeting of adepts of the Oxford Group."

Unfortunately, the sentimental and false maunderings of M. Gide's mind are those of too many people who ought to know better. The test of our present era would seem to be that of discrimination between the false and the true, a discrimination rendered infinitely difficult by the scrambled state of men's minds and all national affairs. M. Gide's book will scarcely carry any illumination, but it may well serve as a horrible example. ST.C. LAD.

Great Contemporaries, by Winston S. Churchill; Thornton Butterworth, London, 1937; price, 21s.; Putnam, New York; price, $4.00.

Winston Churchill's peculiarities as a politician have been mentioned more than once in the pages of the QUARTERLY; often brilliantly right, he is as often glaringly wrong, both practically and ethically. But he writes as few can, with perfect clarity, with humour, in a style ideally adapted to his subject. There is not a dull or superfluous paragraph in these 300 pages, which are delightful and stimulating reading, and which might well serve as an example to the multitude of contemporary writers whose utter lack of refinement and poverty of imagination lead them into the vulgarities, impudicities, and what seems to be a preference for coarse words, which decent people find revolting, and against which the QUARTERLY will never cease to protest. In his most bitter invective

—and Churchill does his best in *Great Contemporaries* to rend Trotsky limb from limb—there is not an expression which offends the canons of good taste.

The portraits of the Earl of Rosebery, of Asquith, of F. E. Smith (first Earl of Birkenhead), of Curzon, of Clemenceau, all based on close contacts, are masterpieces of character-drawing. His passing references to Kitchener are unfair and prejudiced; but this was to have been expected, as Kitchener was several sizes too big for Churchill's comprehension. Kitchener, for one thing, was extraordinarily impersonal and detached, while Churchill is nothing if not vividly personal, without a notion, we suspect, of what detachment means.

That, however, is incidental. We strongly recommend the book to those of our readers who are interested in men who helped to make European history during the past fifty years. H.

CORRESPONDENCE

England and Germany

To the Editors of the Theosophical Quarterly:

As a comment on what is going on between England and Germany to-day, may I remind your many English readers of something which doubtless they learned when at school, but which they may have forgotten? I refer to the procedure of Ethelred, surnamed the "Unready" (a significant name), who attempted to buy off the incursions of the Danes, and who, for that purpose, instituted, in 991 A. D., the tax known as Dane-geld,—with the inevitable result that the Danish pirates, finding how profitable their demands, threats, and ravages were, renewed these with increasing success until, in 1017, the Danes became supreme throughout the greater part of the country.

May those of us who are of English descent, venture to hope that Hitler-geld, or Deutsch-geld, will not now be levied for a similar purpose?

A suggestion of this kind from America may seem ungracious, if not impertinent; but the Theosophical Quarterly, although published in New York, is an international magazine, and may well claim that its repeated condemnation of the selfishness of the United States in matters of foreign policy—a selfishness as short-sighted and inexpedient as it is morally wrong—should be sufficient evidence of your impartiality to justify the insertion of my reminder.

Old Member.

March 9th, 1938.

Try first thyself, and after call in God;
For to the worker God Himself lends aid.—Euripides.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 406.—*What is the difference between a saint, a disciple, and a chêla?*

ANSWER.—There are various grades of saints, disciples and chêlas. Often, a saint's development, though truly splendid, is along one main line, that of holiness. A disciple's development is more rounded, and leads to a better balanced and clearer idea of his Master's requirements of him. The chêla must develop his *whole* nature wisely, putting it, *in toto*, at the disposal of his Master; becoming at one with him in mind, in heart, in strength, so that he instinctively, and with understanding, carries forward the plan and purpose of his spiritual Father. G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—The lives and writings of the saints reveal an almost overwhelming sense of their own sinfulness and unworthiness, thereby displaying great humility, which is the basis of all the virtues. Another outstanding characteristic of the saint is intense love and devotion to his Master. These qualities are essentials to discipleship and to chêlaship, but are by no means all that are needed by the aspirant to either. The disciple has these qualities of the saint, *plus* others, chief among which is a certain degree of understanding, but *minus* the limitations of creed and dogma which narrow the vision of the saint. Discipleship has been described as the preliminary step to chêlaship, which is the completion of discipleship. The disciples of the Master Christ, in spite of their close association with him, failed for the most part, during his lifetime, to understand his nature and mission. St. Paul and St. John, on the other hand, are said to have been initiated chêlas; and it is clear that there was a great change in all the disciples following Pentecost. Discipleship means self-surrender, and many who think they desire it fail to realize that they have not surrendered their own wills, which in many cases is due to inability to judge their motives correctly through lack of self-knowledge.

The chêla becomes; he is not made. The process of becoming involves growth in self-knowledge, which enables him to use his entire nature wisely, and also growth in understanding of the laws of Nature, of the Universe, and of the spiritual world, which are, in reality, one and the same. He also grows in likeness to his Master, until he becomes an "accepted chêla", when his mind and heart and will are united with his Master's. G.H.M.

ANSWER.—A saint is one who has attained to a certain degree of holiness. A disciple is one who has attained that, and also a certain degree of understanding. One description of chêlaship is as follows: "Chêla (literally 'child') is usually translated 'disciple', but the word means much more than this. The steps of the evolutionary scale between man as we know him, and Masters, are filled by chêlas of various grades, lay-chêlas, probationary chêlas, accepted chêlas, etc. Its higher grades are said to involve a closeness, a degree of union with the chêla's Master beyond anything in our experience. Such chêlaship, in addition to the attainment of first-hand knowledge of the Divine, implies a higher, richer and more selfless state of consciousness, a 'change of polarity' in which the centre of the chêla's interest is transferred from himself to his Master and his Master's work. It is not an outer condition and cannot be conferred, but must be attained by the man himself as the result of his own inner development. The rules governing this development constitute the scientific basis for ethics. Its attainment is possible in any outer circumstances. . . . It is the next step in human evolution." J.F.B.M.

QUESTION NO. 407.—*When in doubt as to what course to follow, and when one honestly seeks inspiration or guidance and cannot find it, what is wrong?*

ANSWER.—When we seek, do we at the same time ask? If we have asked, do we then listen? If we listen, do we continue to listen, intently and with faith, or do we become impatient and self-centred, and so impair and dull our true power of hearing? What kind of an answer do we await? Do we expect to see, in a blinding flash, our entire future course mapped out for us in the most minute detail? Or are we content and satisfied to go step by step, acting upon such guidance as we are able to recognize, first at one point and then at another, until, as we slowly build, we finally realize that each separate act is becoming part of an harmonious and ordered whole? Let us ask ourselves as well whether it is that *we* want to do the right thing, or whether what we really desire is, that the right thing should be done and that we may merely do our part in it aright. C.R.A.

ANSWER.—Those above us are always eager to give all the inspiration and guidance we need, and which we have made ourselves capable of receiving. Our failure to find guidance may be due to many different causes. Perhaps the answer to our problem is written clearly in our own experience, and what we are wanted to do is to examine that experience to learn its neglected lessons. Good teachers help a pupil, but do not solve his problems for him. Life sets us problems to teach us how to live.

It is not generally recognized that to perceive truth is supremely difficult,—as difficult as to live rightly. In fact, perception depends on right living, for only those who live the life can know the doctrine. Every fault we have, obscures or distorts our perception of truth. No vain man, for example, can ever give a true, justly proportioned account of any incident in which he himself was concerned. The skill of the mind in altering and colouring its picture of events for reasons of vanity or self-justification, is a matter of every-day observation. Guidance from above is received from a much higher level than that of our mental processes, and must be interpreted to our every-day consciousness by the mind. To the extent to which the mind is "impure", is under the habitual domination of self-love, self-will, self-indulgence, etc., there is danger that the guidance will be distorted or perverted. Failure to recognize the difficulty of interpreting divine guidance through polluted human minds, is one of the great errors of Buchmanism. The probability of misinterpretation must often make it impossible for Masters to supply the guidance they long to give. One essential is a genuine desire on our part for the truth, irrespective of vanity, hurt feelings, personal predilections, or anything else. A test is the way we receive criticism. When we have learned to welcome it, we have gone a long way toward earning guidance. J.F.B.M.

ANSWER.—The trouble may be lack of practice. Spiritual faculties, like physical and mental ones, require development and cultivation and constant use. If one habitually identifies himself with his personality, obeys the commands of self-love, self-indulgence, and self-will, and is guided by worldly wisdom rather than desire for Truth, his intuitive powers have little opportunity to manifest themselves. He does not recognize or value them. Is it surprising that when, in time of trouble, he does seek guidance, he finds only uncertainty? C.M.S.

ANSWER.—It is questionable if one who honestly seeks guidance, will fail to find it. We have the promise: "Seek, and ye shall find". The lower nature employs many wiles to keep us from our goal: over-scrupulousness may be used to screen timidity and vanity; laziness and mental inertia may cause us to wait for someone else to solve our problems. A motto in an office reads: "He who never makes a mistake, never does anything." G.H.M.

ANSWER.—Our understanding is not sufficiently awakened to grasp what is before us, for inspiration and guidance are always at hand. Doubtless our blindness at this point is a result of previous disobedience, our refusal to follow and act on light that *was* revealed. To regain our lost estate, and to quicken our awareness, we can be humbly and meticulously obedient to such spiritual truth as we can see. It is said that obedience invariably brings understanding. G.M.W.K.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64, Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 30th, 1938, beginning at 10:30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are requested to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members, with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meetings. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

6. On Sunday, May 1st, at 4 p. m., tea will be served at 64, Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and their friends.

I. E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society,
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.

February 15th, 1938.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64, Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between Eighth Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There will be meetings on,—

April 9th and 23rd, May 7th.

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.